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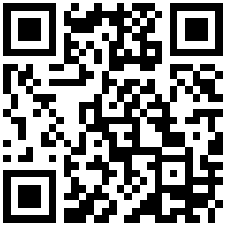
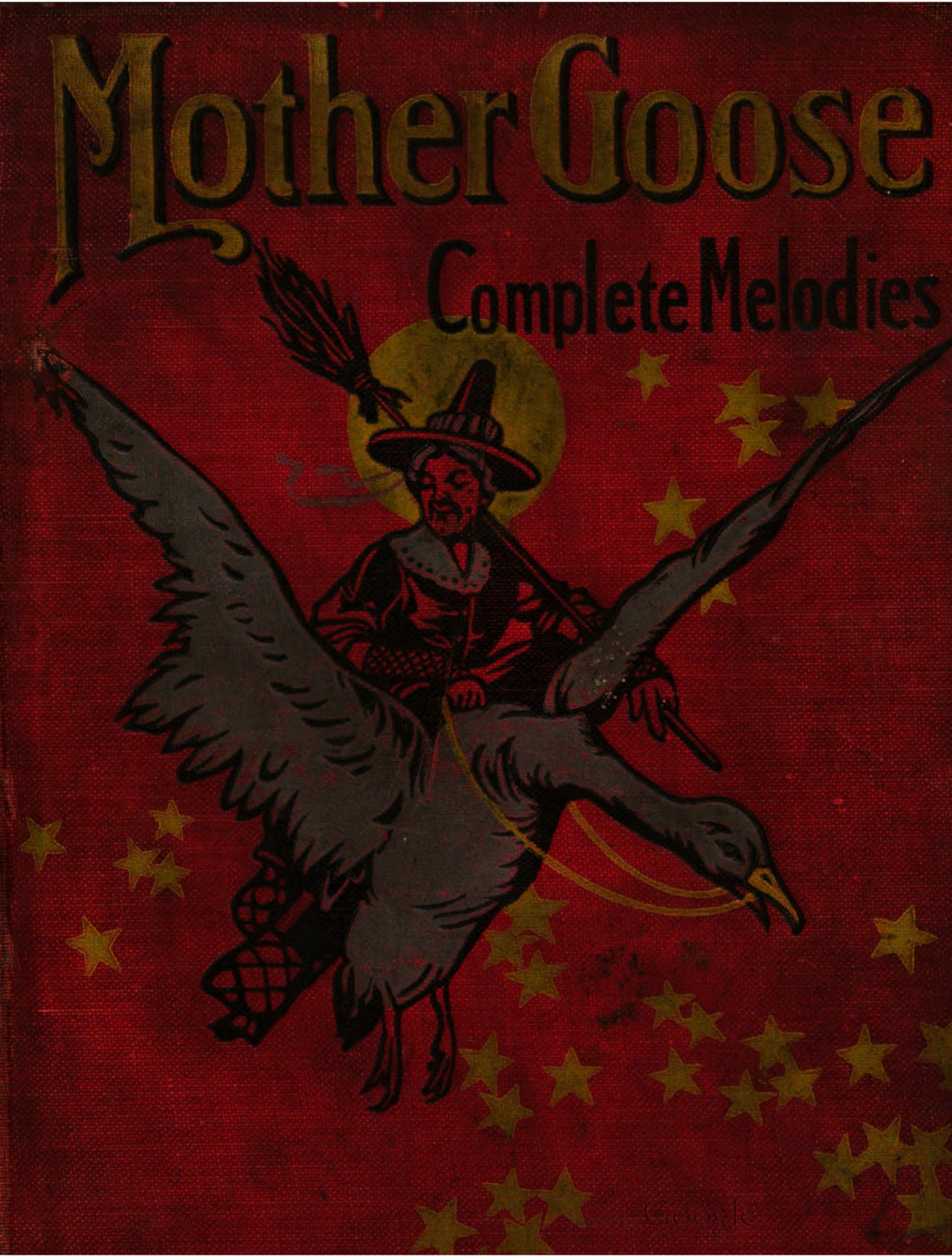


Mother Goose

Complete Melodies



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Christmas 1924.

Judith Vivian Thomas
from Winnie Dale.

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Mother Goose's

COMPLETE MELODIES

A Collection of
Rhymes, Tales, Jingles and Alphabets

With Illustrations by
Sir JOHN GILBERT, R. A. JOHN TENNIEL, HARRISON WEIR,
WALTER CRANE, W. McCONNELL, J. B. ZWEGNER,
AND OTHERS.

CHICAGO
M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY

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JOHN D. WILLIAMS

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Dawn Treader
3-17-06

MOTHER GOOSE'S

NURSERY RHYMES, JINGLES,

AND

MELODIES.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee;
Pipe, cat, — dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

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MOTHER GOOSE AND HER SON JACK.

MIU

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OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air,
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
Here, mother, says he,
It will not go for nought.

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond:
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

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"JACK WENT A-COURTING A LADY SO GAY."

MOTHER GOOSE FLYING TO THE MOON.

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Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell,
She call'd him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue named New,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a court
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then touched her wand,
Touch'd the lady so fine,
And turned her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back
Flew up to the moon.

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"DICKERY, DICKERY, DARE."

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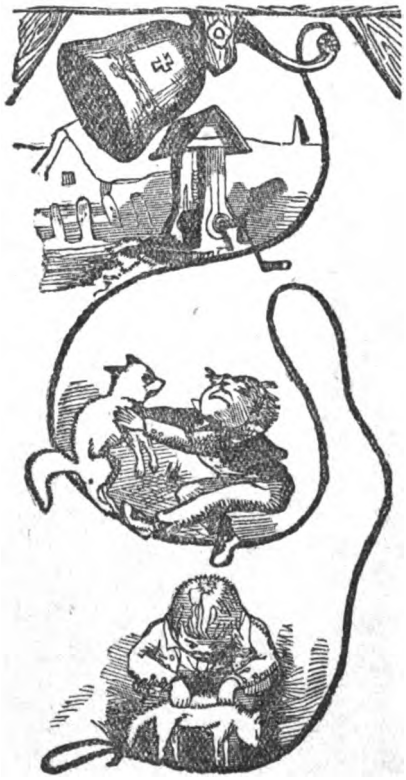
DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green;
Who pull'd her out?
Little Johnny Stout;
What a naughty boy was that
To try and drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.



DICKERY, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown
Soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

DANTY, baby, diddy,
What can mammy do wid'e?
Sit in a lap,
And give it some pap,
Danty, baby, diddy.

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THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
This plaguy old woman could never be quiet.
She went to the baker to buy her some bread,
And when she came home her old husband was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was well

[*A Song set to fingers or toes.*]

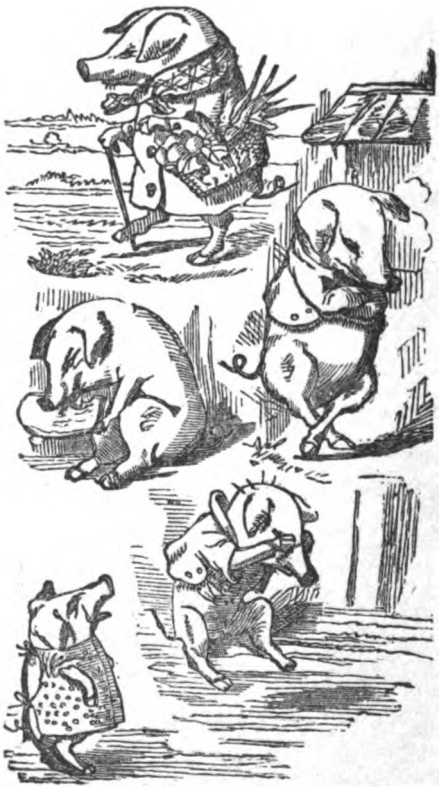
1. THIS pig went to market;

2. This pig staid at home;

3. This pig had plenty to eat,

4. But this pig had none;

5. And this little pig said, Wee, wee, wee!
All the way home.



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BARBER, BARBER, SHAVE A PIG.

BELL horses, bell horses, what time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock, off and away.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig;
How many hairs will make a wig?
"Four and twenty, that's enough."
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

A SWARM of bees in **May**
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in **July**
Is not worth a fly.

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HUMPTY DUMPTY.

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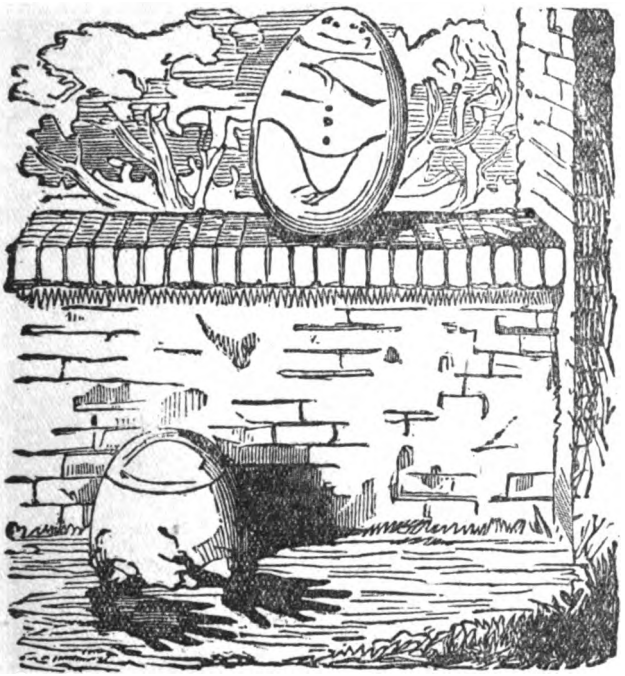

HUMPTY Dumpty, sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again. [*An Egg.*]

HERE we go round the mulberry bush,
Mulberry bush,
Mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold frosty morning.

This is the way we brush our hair,
Brush our hair,
Brush our hair,
This is the way we brush our hair,
On a cold frosty morning.

[*Followed by* "This is the way we clean our boots," etc.]

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HERE am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me, I'm always alone.

A sunshine shower,
Won't last half-an-hour.

RAIN, rain,
Go away,
Come again
April day;
Little Johnny
Wants to play.

I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

ROWLEY POWLEY, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls begin to cry
Rowley Powley runs away.

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PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her—
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

BOBBY SHAFTOE's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love for evermore;
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

1. I WENT up one pair of stairs,
2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pair of stairs,
2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room,
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window,
2. Just like me.
1. And then I saw a monkey,
2. Just like me.

IF wishes were horses, beggars would ride,
If turnips were watches, I would wear one by my side.

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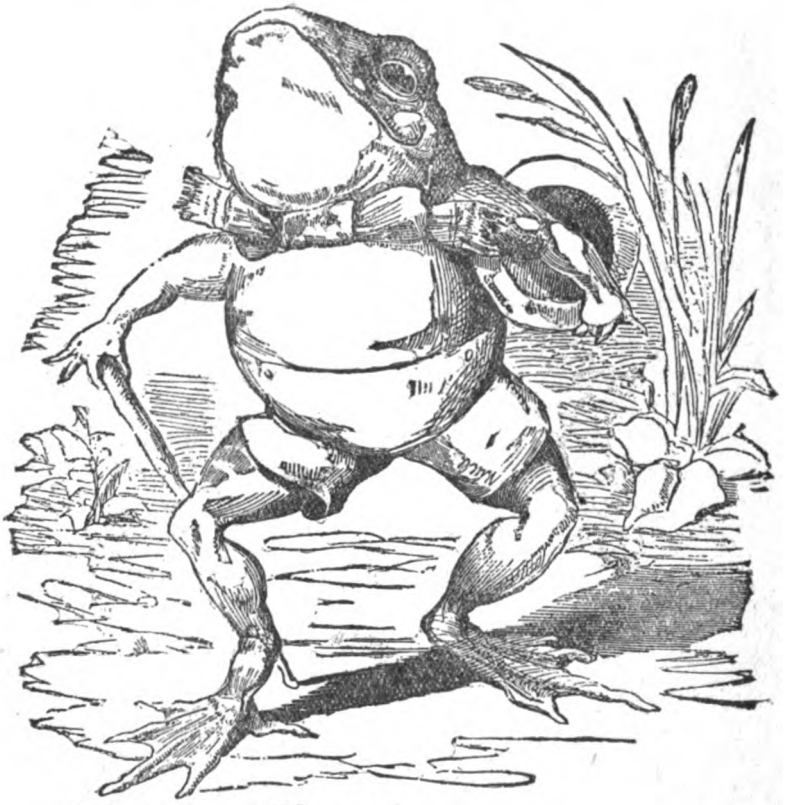
A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.



A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley, powley, gammon, and spinach.
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley, powley, &c.

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When they came to the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley, powley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley, powley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you gives us some beer?
Heigho, says Rowley,
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
With a rowley, powley, &c.

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But while they were all a-merrymaking,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A Cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley, powley, &c.

The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little Mouse down.
With a rowley, powley, &c.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
Heigho, says Rowley,

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He took up his hat, and he wished them good night.
With a rowley, powley, &c.

As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white Duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley, powley, &c.

So here is an end of one, two, three—
Heigho, says Rowley,
The Rat, the Mouse, and little Froggy.
With a rowley, powley, &c.

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THERE was an old man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into a holly-bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird, called a snipe
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vex'd the fat man of Bombay.

THE man in the wilderness ask'd of me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answer'd him as I thought good,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.

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MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can;
With a heighly gaily gamberally,
Higgledy piggledy, niggledy, niggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun.

MY story's ended,
My spoon's bended;
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door,
And get it mended.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

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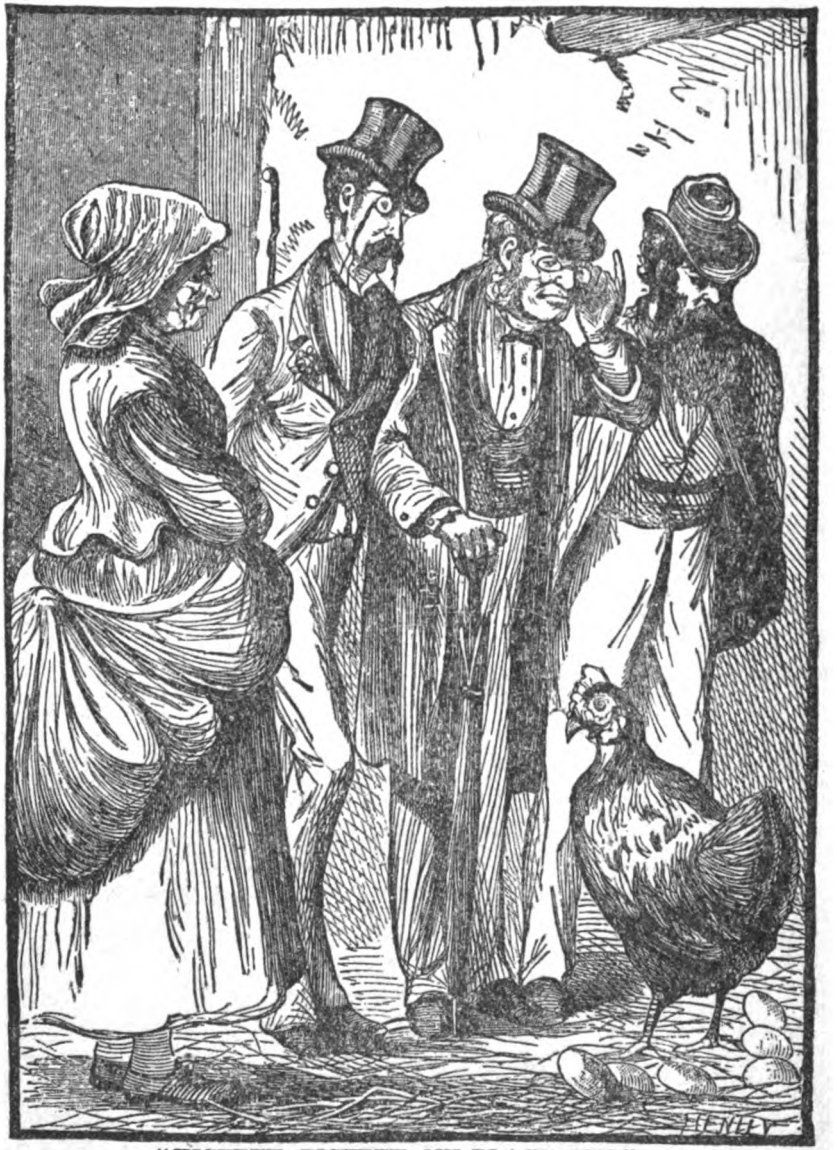

"HICKETY, PICKETY, MY BLACK HEN."

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HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen:
Sometimes nine,
Sometimes ten.
Gentlemen come every day,
To see what my black hen doth lay.

HERE we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver.

HERE comes a poor woman from baby-land,
With three small children in her hand:
One can brew, the other can bake,
The other can make a lily-white cake.
One can sit in the garden and spin,
Another can make a fine bed for the king;
Pray ma'am will you take one in?

HEY! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon;
The little dog laugh'd
To see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

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LITTLE JACK HORNER.

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LITTLE Jack Horner sat in
the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb, and
pull'd out a plum,
And said "What a good
boy am I!"

LADY-BIRD, Lady-Bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children at home.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a rail:
Niddle noddle went his head,
And waggle went his tail.

LITTLE Tommy Tucker,
Sang for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it,
Without e'er a knife?
How will he marry
Without e'er a wife?

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THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John;
Jerry was hung, James was drown'd,
John was lost and never was found;
And there was an end of the three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John.

THE sow came in with the saddle;
The little pig rock'd the cradle;
The dish jump'd up on the table,
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door,
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
Oh! said the gridiron, can't you agree?
I'm the head constable, bring them to me.

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A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

A B, C, tumble down D,
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

A FARMER came trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.
With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.
A raven cried croak; and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.
The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.
And vowed he would serve him the same next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

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[Say quickly.]
In fir tar is.
In oak none is.
In mud eel is.
In clay none is.
Goat eat ivy.
Mare eat oats.

I LOST my little mare in Lincoln-lane,
And could'nt tell where to find her,
Till she came home both lame and blind,
With never a tail behind her.

I HAD a little doll, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed up the dishes, and kept the house clean.
She went to the mill, to fetch me some flour,
And always got it home in less than an hour.
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire, and told me a tale.

IF all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

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I'LL tell you a story,
About Jack a Nory,
And now my story's begun:
I'll tell you another,
About Jack and his brother,
And now my story's done.

I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot.
And there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That gallop'd up and down;
I bridled him and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters,
To gather up his hose,
And a little pocket-handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.

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THE TEN LITTLE NIGGERS.

TEN Little Nigger Boys went out to dine;
One choked his little self, and then there were Nine.

Nine Little Nigger Boys sat up very late;
One overslept himself, and then there were Eight.

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Eight Little Nigger Boys travelling in Devon;
One said he'd stay there, and then there were Seven.

Seven Little Nigger Boys chopping up sticks;
One chopped himself in halves, and then there were Six.

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Six Little Nigger Boys playing with a Hive;
A Bumble-Bee stung one. and then there were Five.

Five Little Nigger Boys going in for Law;
One got in Chancery, and then there were Four.

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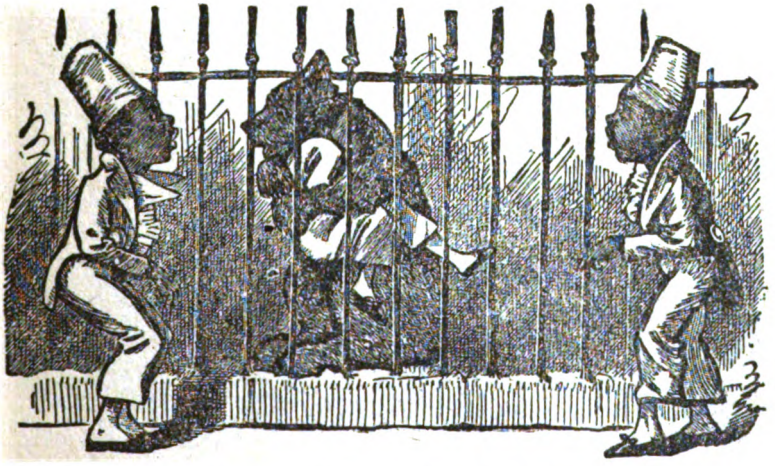
Four Little Nigger Boys going out to Sea;
A Red Herring swallowed one, and then there were Three.



Three Little Nigger Boys walking in the "Zoo";
The big Bear hugged one, and then there were Two.

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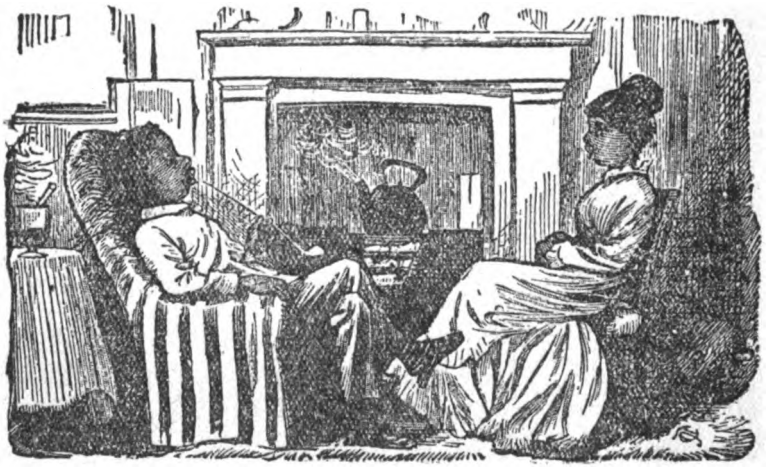
Two Little Nigger Boys sitting in the Sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was One.



One Little Nigger Boy living all alone;
He got married, and then there were None.

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AWAY, Birds, away!
Take a little, leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And there is an end of you.

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up. [*A Well.*]

HE that would thrive,
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven,
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

Cross-Patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
And call your neighbors in.

THREE Blind Mice,
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife;
Did ever you hear such a thing in your life
As three blind mice?

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"Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may."
"I am going to the meadows, to see them mowing,
I am going to see them make the hay."

Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Very ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

The old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub,
The dirty clothes to rub, rub, rub;
But when they are clean, and fit to be seen,
I'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.

There was a rat, for want of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his prayers.

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JACK be nimble,
Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over the candlestick.

"WHAT is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

BLOW, wind, blow, and go, mill, go,
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And bring us some hot in the morn.

LITTLE Tommy Grace,
Had a pain in his face,
So bad that he could not learn a letter;
When in came Dicky Long,
Singing such a funny song,
That Tommy laughed, and found his face much better.

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SEE, SAW, MARGERY DAW.

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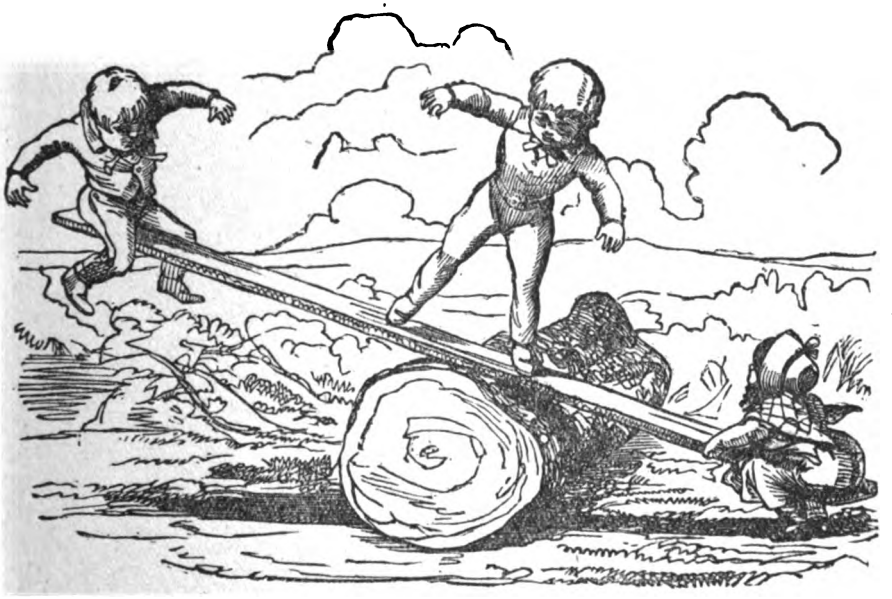
SING, song, the days are long,
The woodcock and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall hang to-morrow.



SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master:
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw:
Was not she a dirty girl,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt!

SEE, saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

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A Apple pie:

B bit it;

C cut it;

D dea.t it;

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E eat it;

F fought for it;

G got it;

H hid it;

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J jumped for it;

K kept it;

L longed for it;

M mourned for it;

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N nodded at it;

O opened it;

P peeped in it;

Q quartered it;

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R ran for it;

S stole it;

T took it;

V viewed it;

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X, Y, Z, and &,
All wished for a piece in hand.

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As I was going along, long, long,
A singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long,
long, long,
And the song that I sung was so
long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.

Go to bed, Tom, go to bed, Tom,
Merry or sober, go to bed, Tom.

If you are to be a gentleman, as I suppose you'll be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile for a tickling of the knee.

[While holding a wand opposite the face of one of his companions, one child repeats the following lines, making grimaces meanwhile so as to cause the other to laugh, and then goes on to the next. Those who laugh must pay a forfeit.]

Buff says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place!

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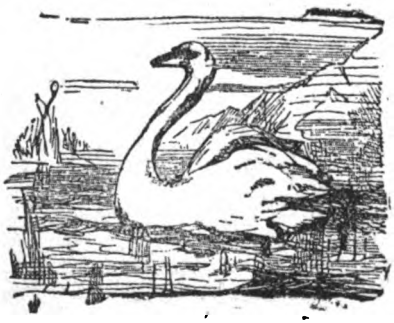
I HAD a little dog, they called him Buff,
I sent him to the store for three cents' worth of snuff;
But he lost the bag and spilt the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

To make your candles last for aye,
You wives and maids give ear-o!
To put them out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.



SWAN swam over the sea;
Swim, swan, swim.
Swan swam back again;
Well swan swam.

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"SHE FOUND THEM INDEED, BUT IT MADE HER HEART BLEED."

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LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them,
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Dragging their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

LITTLE boy blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the little boy, minding the sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep!

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Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing?
Speak a little louder, sir, I am very thick o' hearing.
Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly?
Thank you, kind sir, I hear very clearly.

Little Tommy Tittlemouse,
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

Black we are, but much admired;
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man;
Tell me this riddle if you can. [*Coals.*]

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I HAD a little pony,
They called Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."

PETER WHITE
Will ne'er go right;
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose,
Wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

SEE, see. What shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

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HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK.

Digitized by Google

[Game on a child's features.]

HERE sits the Lord Mayor . . .	*forehead.*
Here sit his two men	*eyes.*
Here sits the cock	*right cheek.*
Here sits the hen	*left cheek.*
Here sit the little chickens . .	*top of nose.*
Here they run in	*mouth.*
Chinchopper, chinchopper,	
Chinchopper, chin!	*chuck the chin.*

HARK, hark,
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, and some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Digitized by Google

O THE little rusty, dusty, rusty miller!
I'll not change my wife for either gold or siller.

ORANGES and lemons,
Said the Bells of St. Clement's.

You owe me five farthings,
Said the Bells of St. Martin's.

When will you pay me?
Said the Bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Said the Bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Said the Bells of Stepney.

I do not know,
Said the great Bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop — off —
the — last — man's — head.

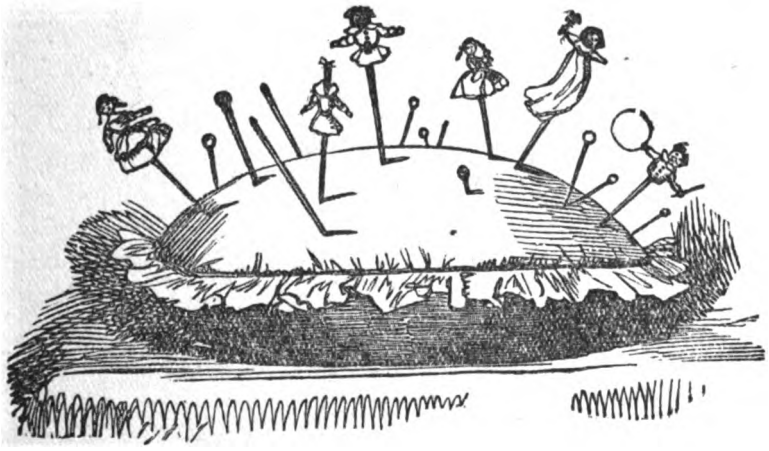
Digitized by Google

MARGERY MUTTON-PIE and Johnny Bo-peep,
They met together in Gracechurch Street,
In and out, in and out, over the way,
Oh! says Johnny, 'tis chop-nose day.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
And practice drives me mad.

MY mother and your mother
Went over the way;
Said my mother to your mother,
It's chop-a-nose day.

[*The above lines are repeated by the nurse when sliding her hand down the child's face.*]



NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

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OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor Dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor Dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor Dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the alehouse
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The Dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The Dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The Dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

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SNAIL, snail, come put out your horn,
To-morrow is the day to shear the corn.

SNEEZE on Monday, sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, receive a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, expect sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, joy to-morrow.

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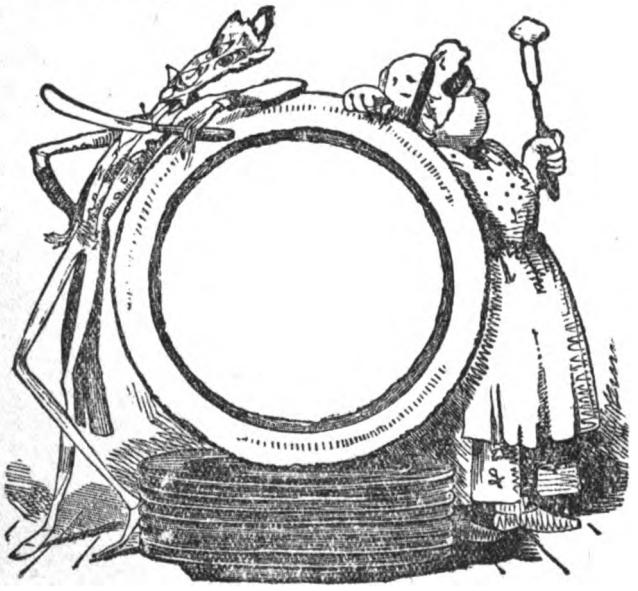
"JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL."

Digitized by Google

JACK and Jill
went up the
hill,
To fetch a pail of
water;
Jack fell down,
and broke his
crown,
And Jill came
tumbling after.

JACK SPRAT
could eat no
fat,
His wife could
eat no lean;
And so betwixt
them both,
They lick'd the
platter clean.



KISS me asleep, and kiss me awake,
Kiss me for Dear Willie's sake.

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ONE, Two, Three, Four, Five,
1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive;
Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten,
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let her go again.

ONE-ERY, two-ery, ziccary, zan;
Hollow bone, crack a bone, ninery ten;
Spillery spot, it must be done;
Twiddledum, twaddledum, twenty-one.
O, U, T, spells out.
[*Used by Children to decide who is to begin a game.*]

A TITTY-MOUSE sat in the witty to spin,
Pussy came to her, and bade her "Good e'en:"
"Oh, what are you doing, my little 'oman?"
"A spinning a doublet for my gude man."
"Then shall I come to thee and wind up thy thread?"
"Oh, no, Mistress Puss, you'll bite off my head."

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RIDE, baby, ride!
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And a little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.

(A game with the face. The child exclaiming:)

RING the bell!

(Pulling a lock of its hair.)

Knock at the door!

(Tapping its forehead.)

Lift the latch!

(Pulling up its nose.)

And walk in!

(Putting in its finger in the mouth.)

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AS I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.
[*A cherry.*]

AS I was going to St. Ives.
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats;
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

Black within, and red without;
Four corners round about. [*A Chimney.*]

Digitized by Google

Charley, Charley, stole the barley
Out of the baker's shop;
The baker came out, and gave him a clout,
And made poor Charley hop.

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I.

COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle stick,
And don't know what to do.

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"AS SOON AS HE PLAY'D THEY BEGAN FOR TO DANCE."

Digitized by Google

TOM he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But all the tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."

But Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys;
And they stopp'd to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laugh'd at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes and glass;
He took out his pipe and play'd them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lighten'd full soon.

Digitized by Google

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

THUMB bold,
Thibity-thold,
Langman,
Lick pan,
Mamma's little man.

TIT, tat, toe,
My first go,
Three jolly butcher boys
All in a row;
Stick one up,
Stick one down,
Stick one on the old man's crown.

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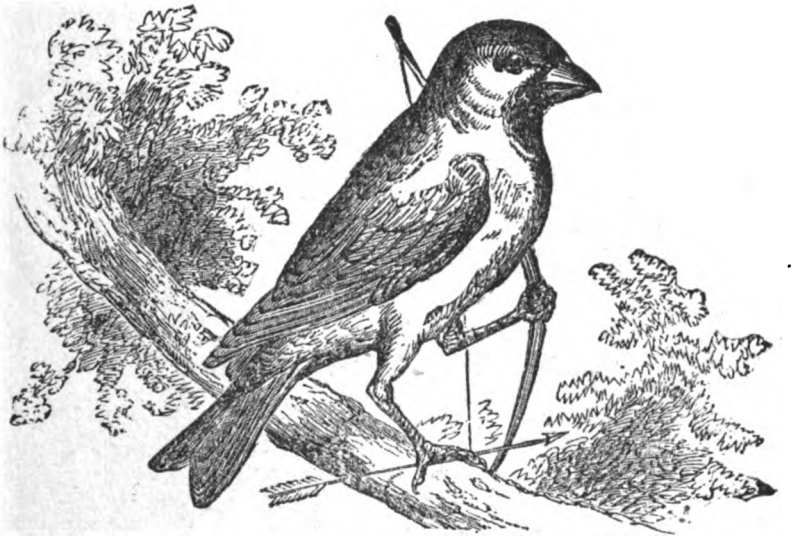
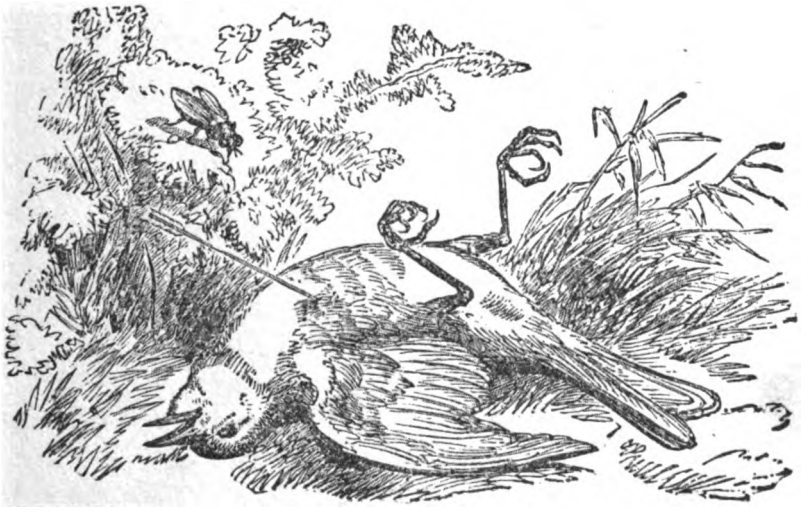


Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.



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Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.

Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud.

Digitized by Google

Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and show'l,
I'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the Parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I'll be the Parson.

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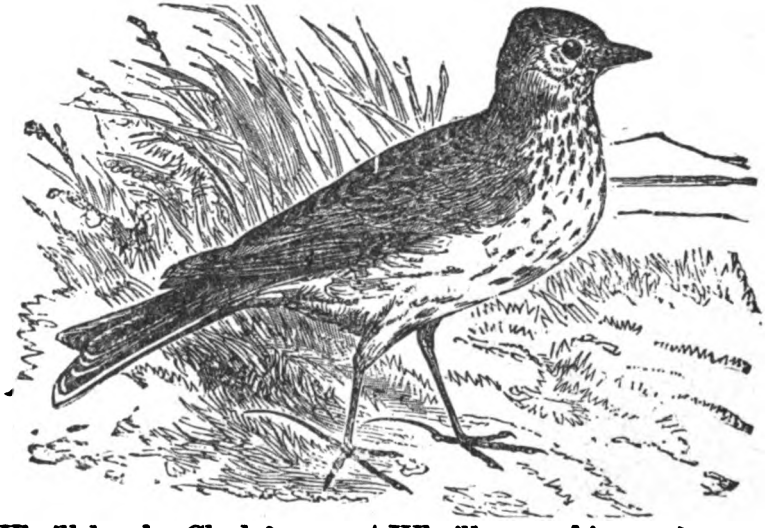
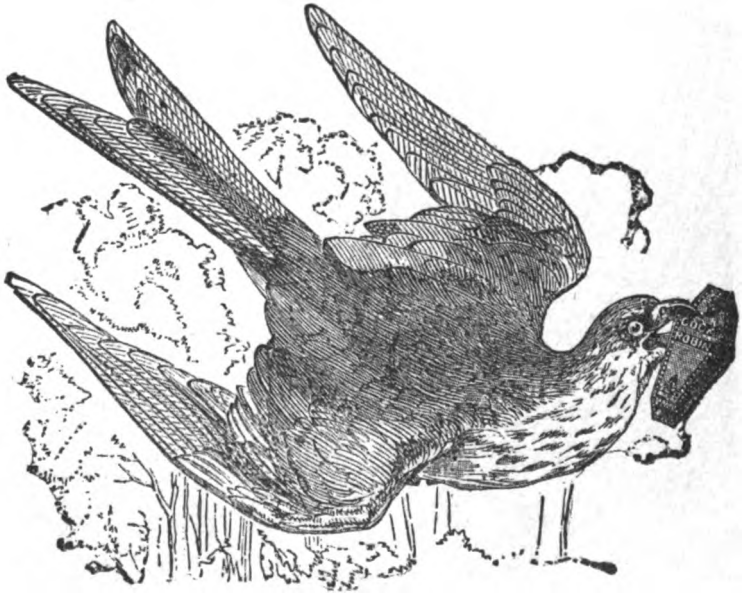


Who'll be the Clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the Clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.



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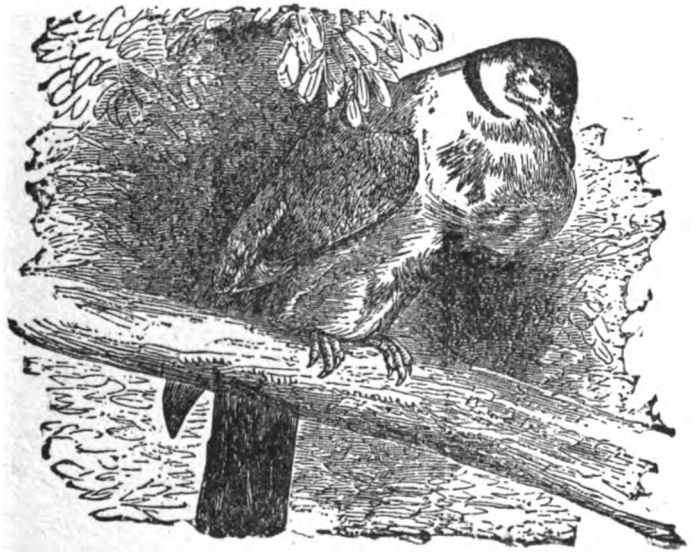
Who'll carry the link?
I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner.



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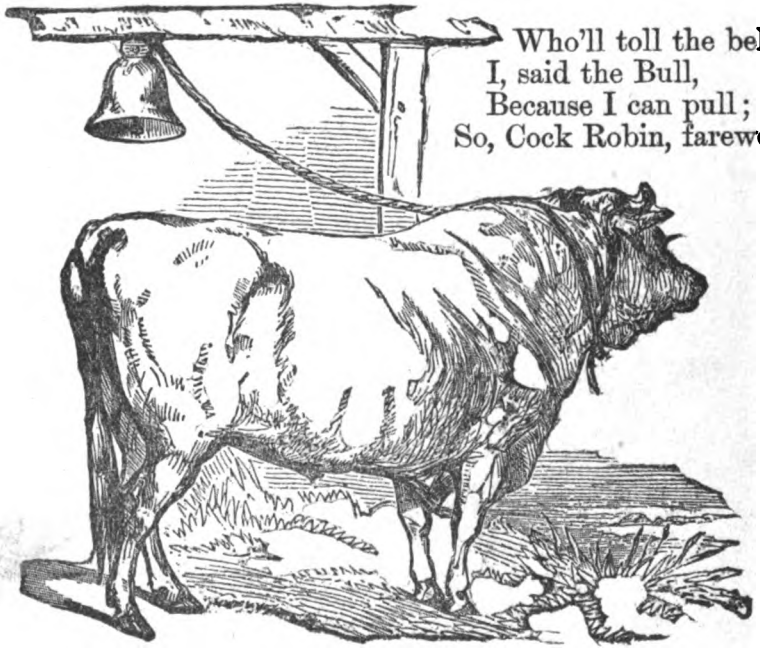
Who'll sing a psalm?
I, said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
I'll sing a psalm.



Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull;
So, Cock Robin, farewell.

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All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and sobbin',
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons,
That tie up my bonny brown hair.
Oh, dear, etc.

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Hush, baby, my doll, I pray you, don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread, and some milk by and by;
Or, perhaps, you like custard, or, maybe, a tart,
Then to either you are welcome, with all my heart.

I would if I cou'd,
If I cou'dn't, how cou'd I?
I cou'dn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?
Cou'd ye, cou'd ye?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?

What shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air;
Ev'ry customer has two pair. [*A Horseshoer.*]

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THIRTY white horses
Upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ,
Now they stand still.

[*Teeth and Gums.*]

BOW-WOW-WOW,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tucker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow.

Two little black birds, sitting on a rail,
One named Jack, the other named Jill.
Fly away Jack! fly away Jill!
Come back Jack, come back Jill!

[*Played with pieces of paper stuck to fingers.*]

SPEAK when you're spoken to,
Come when once called;
Shut the door after you,
And turn to the wall!

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

Digitized by Google

POLLY put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
It will all boil away.

Blow the fire and make the toast,
Put the muffins down to roast,
Blow the fire and make the toast,
We'll all have tea.

QUIXOTE QUICKSIGHT quiz'd a queerish quidbox,
A queerish quidbox Quixote Quicksight quiz'd;
If Quixote Quicksight quiz'd a queerish quidbox,
Where's the queerish quidbox Quixote Quicksight quiz'd?

Digitized by Google

THERE was a man, and his name was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.
Cob, says Dob,
Chitterabob, says Mob,
Cob was Dob's dog,
Chitterabob Mob's cat.

UP she goes and down she comes,
If you haven't got apples, I'll give you some plums.

UPON my word and honor,
As I was going to Bonner,
I met a pig,
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

VINEGAR, veal, and venison,
Are very good victuals, I vow.

Digitized by Google

WHAT are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs tails;
And that's what little boys are made of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all things that are nice;
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

THERE was an old woman in Surrey,
Who was morn, noon, and night, in a hurry,
Called her husband "a fool,"
Drove her children to school,
This worrying old woman in Surrey.

WASH, hands, wash,
Daddy's gone to plough,
If you want your hands wash'd,
Have them wash'd now.

WASH on Friday,
Wash in need;
Wash on Saturday,
Slovenly indeed.

Digitized by Google

POOR old Robinson Crusoe! poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat of an old Nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring-a-ting-tang, and a ring-a-ting-tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

THUMBIKIN, Thumbikin, broke the barn,
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn,
Long back'd Gray
Carried it away.
Old Mid-man sat and saw,
But Peesy-weesy, paid for a'.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

THERE was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

Digitized by Google

SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

SING a song of sixpense,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

Digitized by Google

RIDE a cock-horse
to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman
ride on a white
horse;
With rings on her fin-
gers and bells on
her toes,
She shall have music
wherever she goes.

KISS IN THE RING.

[*This popular game is honored with a variety of jingles, but generally commencing* —]

SALLY, Sally Waters, sprinkle in the pan,
Hie, Sally! Hie, Sally, for a young man!
Choose for the best,
Choose for the worst,
Choose for the prettiest that you love best.

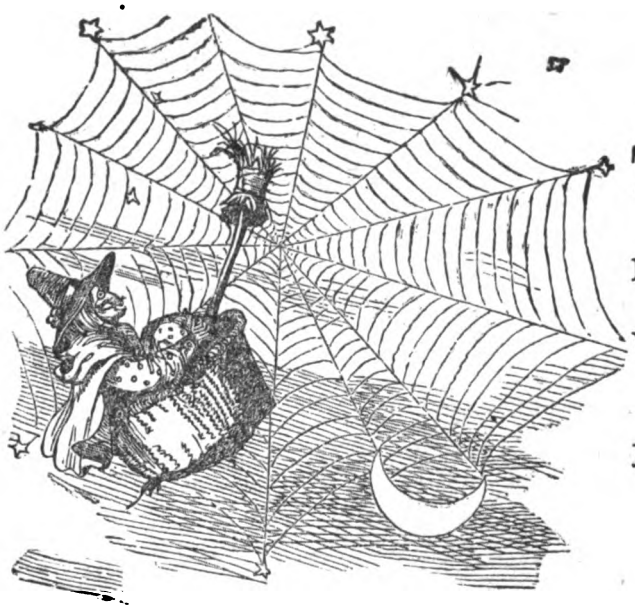
Digitized by Google

THERE was little guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big,
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And when he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd, and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, I am told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.



THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon,
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Aye, by and by."

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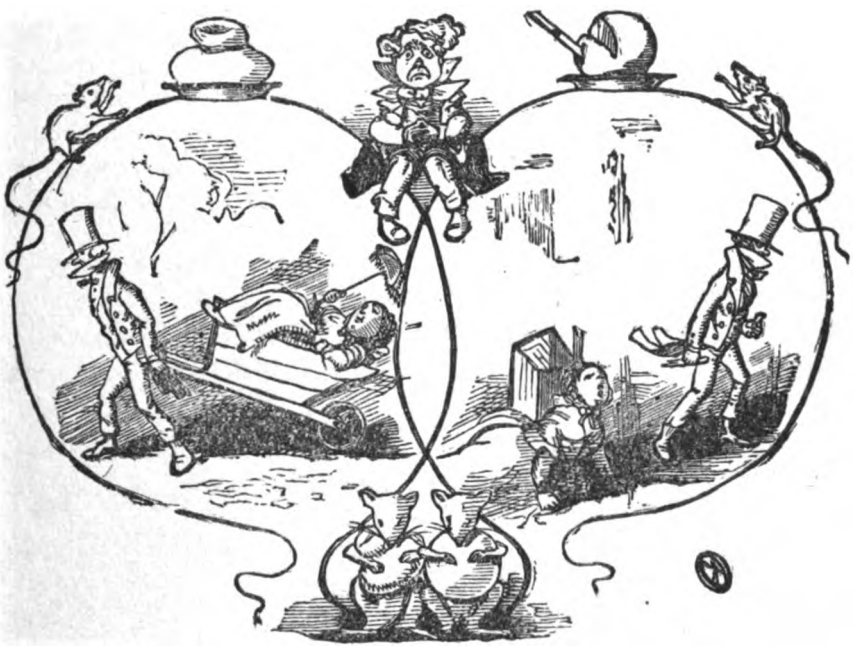
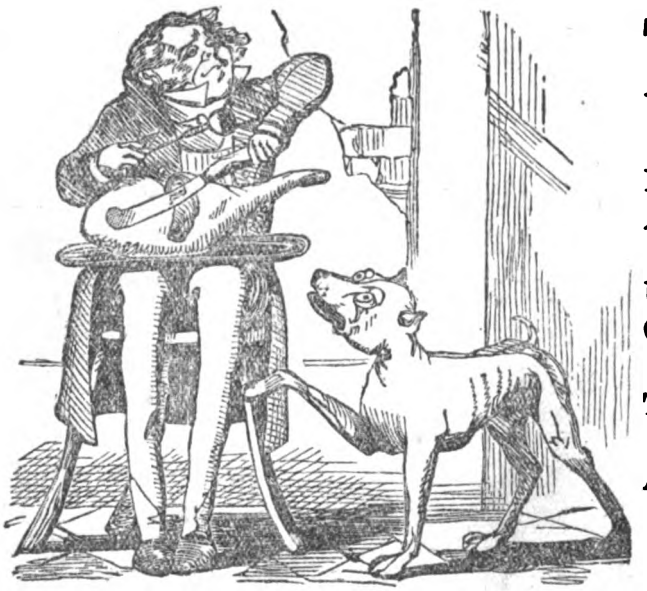


WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived all by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow.
The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
Down came wheel-barrow, wife, and all.

YOU shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle-basket,
When your dad comes home.

Digitized by Google

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de!



TWO legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

THE girl in the lane, that could'nt speak plain,
Cried gobble, gobble, gobble;
The man on the hill that could'nt stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

Digitized by Google

THERE was a man in double deed,
Who sow'd his garden full of seed;
And when the seeds began to grow,
'Twas like a garden fool of snow;
And when the snow began to fall,
'Twas like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away did fly,
'Twas like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky began to roar,
'Twas like a lion at the door,
And when the door began to crack,
'Twas like a stick across your back;
And when your back began to smart,
'Twas like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart began to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.

THREE wise men of Gotham,
Went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets they were made of lead, lead, lead;
He shot Johnny Sprig
Through the middle of the wig,
And he knocked it right off his head, head, head.

Digitized by Google

If all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish, splash, *that* would be!

My little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what 'twas all about:
I had money, and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

Sing, sing!—What shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string!

Goosey, goosey, gander, whither shall I wander?
Up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man, who would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg, and threw him down stairs.

Digitized by Google

Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.
Hush-a-bye, baby,
Daddy is near.

The fishes cry
Is never long dry.

As the day lengthens
So the cold strengthens.

Peas pudding hot,
Peas pudding cold,
Peas pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

The barber shaved the mason,
And as I suppose
Cut off his nose,
And popped it in the basin.

Old father Grey Beard,
Without tooth or tongue,
If you'll give me your finger,
I'll give you my thumb.

Dance, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go;
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry carol, ding, ding, ding!

Digitized by Google

WHEN a Twister a twisting, will twist him a twist;
For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in a twine:
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted; he now doth untwine:
'Twixt the twain inter-twisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

WE 'RE all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps;
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's!
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

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THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me:
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!"

Digitized by Google

THIS is the way the ladies ride;
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tree, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride;
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!

THE cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings "Cuckoo!"
The summer is near.

Digitized by Google

'TWAS once upon a time
When Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced,
And so prettily she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
For he was a gallant bird;
So he doff'd his hat to Jenny Wren,
Requesting to be heard.

O dearest Jenny Wren!
If you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry pie, you shall,
And drink new currant-wine,
I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
Or any peacock gay;
So, dearest Jen, if you'll be mine,
Let us appoint the day.

Jenny blush'd behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind;
Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,
I'll take your offer kind;
Cherry-pie is very nice,
And so is currant-wine;
But I must wear my plain brown gown,
And never go too fine.

Digitized by Google

"JENNY BLUSHED BEHIND HER FAN."

Digitized by Google

Robin Redbreast rose up early,
All at the break of day,
And he flew to Jenny Wren's house,
And sung a roundelay;
He sang of Robin Redbreast,
And little Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end,
He then began again.

JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time;
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She loved him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopp'd upon a twig;
Saying, Out upon you, Jenny!
Fy upon you, bold faced jig!

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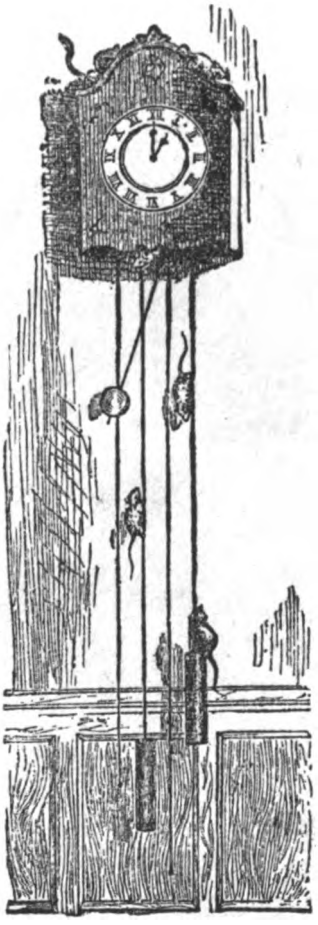

Dickory, dickory, dock;
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck One,
The mouse ran down,
Dickory, dickory, dock.

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to the mill.
The Miller did swear
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life.

The little priest of Felton,
The little priest of Felton,
He killed a mouse within his house,
And ne'er a one to help him.

I'll sing you a song,
The days are long;
The woodcock and the sparrow;
The little dog he has burned his tail,
And he must be hanged to-morrow.

Swing 'em, swang 'em, bells at Wrangham,
Three dogs in a string, hang 'em, hang 'em.

Digitized by Google

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee," said the fiddlers;
"Oh, there's none so rare as can compare,
With King Cole and his fiddlers three."

IN marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold—
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

[*An Egg.*]

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THERE was a monkey climbed up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she eat two, she had eat a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd it came again.

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SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman
Going to the fair:
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Shew me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plumbs grew on a thistle;
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

SHOE the colt, shoe the colt,
Shoe the grey mare;
If the colt won't be shod,
Let him go bare.

SING, sing, what shall I sing?
Puss has stolen the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
Puss has bit it quite in two?

Digitized by Google

THREE little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
We sadly fear,
Our mittens we have lost!"
"What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens,
Then you shall have no pie."
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

Digitized by Google

The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
See here, see here,
Our mittens we have found."
"What! found your mittens,
You little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie."
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

Digitized by Google

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh! mammy dear,
We greatly fear,
Our mittens we have soil'd."
"What! soil'd your mittens,
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

Digitized by Google

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
"Oh! mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have wash'd."
"What! wash'd your mittens,
You darling kittens!
But I smell a rat close by!
Hush! hush!" Miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

Digitized by Google

DANCE to your daddy,
My little babby;
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.
You shall have a fishy,
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy,
When the boat comes in.

THERE was an Owl lived in an oak,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle.
A sportsman chanced to come that way,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,
So Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle!"

[When two boys are starting to run a race.]

ONE to make ready
And two to prepare;
Good luck to the rider,
And away goes the mare.

INTERY, mintery, cutery, corn,
Apple seed, and apple thorn;
Wine, brier, limber lock
Three geese in a flock,
One flew east, one flew west,
And one flew over the goose's nest.

Digitized by Google

THOMAS A' Tattamus took two T's
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas A' Tattamus.
Tell me how many T's there are in all THA'T.

IF ifs and ands
Were pots and pans,
There would be no need for tinker's hands.

LAZY Tom, with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe;
The worst of harm we can wish him,
Is, his gouty shoe may fit him.

HANDY Spandy, Jack a-dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop-hop-hop.

TWEEDLE-DUM and tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For tweedle-dum said tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

Digitized by Google

"THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER."

Digitized by Google

THERE was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee:
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be—
I care for nobody—no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me.

FA, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman:
Be he live, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

WHEN the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast.
When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth.
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth.
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

Digitized by Google

"COME, let's to bed,"
says Sleepy-head;
"Tarry a while," says
slow:
"Put on the pot," says
Greedy-gut,
"We'll sup before we
go."

CUCKOO, cherry tree,
Catch a bird and give it to me;
Catch another
And give it to brother.

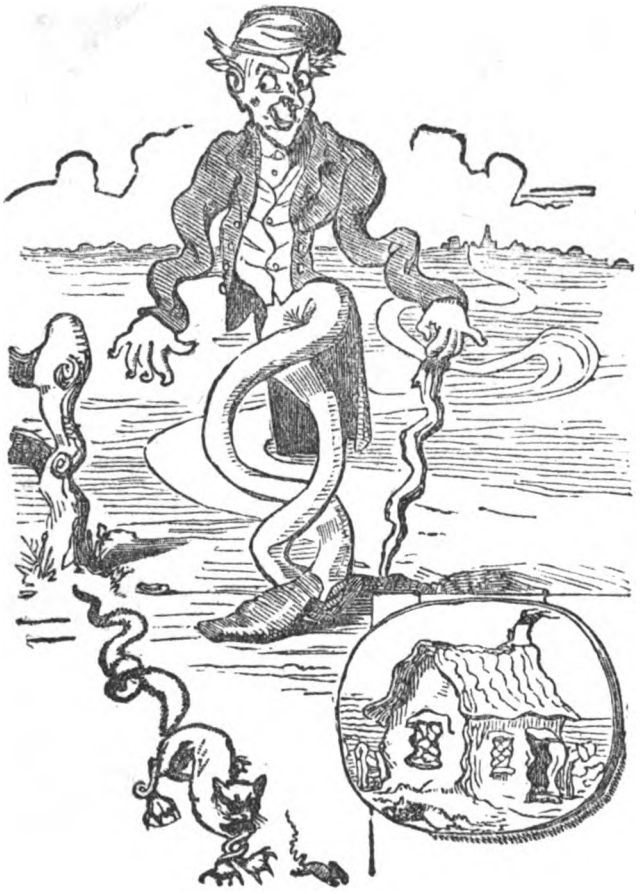
COCK Robin got up early,
At the break of day,
And went to Jenny's window,
To sing a roundelay.

He sang Cock Robin's love
To the pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he got unto the end,
Then he began again.

Digitized by Google

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpense against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.



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THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

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THE Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day:
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts
Call'd for the tarts,
And beat the knave full sore:
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vow'd he'd steal no more.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of the town.

LITTLE brown Betty lived at the "Golden Can,"
Where she brewed good ale for gentlemen;
And gentlemen came every day,
Till little Brown Betty, she hopped away.

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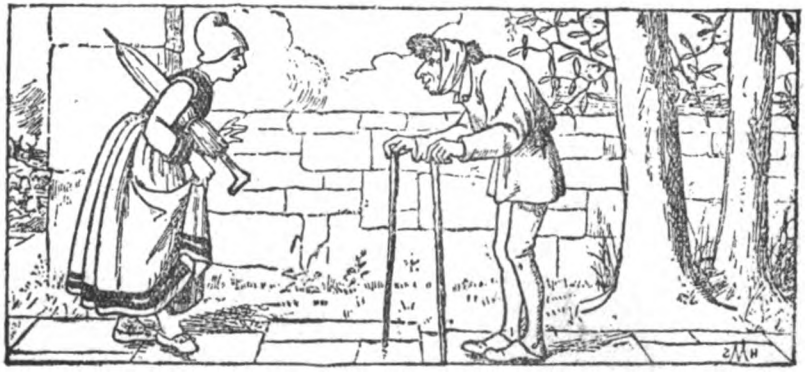


One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather,
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

The North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?

He will hop to a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

About the bush, Willie, about the bee-hive,
About the bush, Willie, I'll meet thee alive.

Digitized by Google

Little Miss Muffett,
She sat on a tuffett,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a little spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffett
away.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into another bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster,
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, up to
the middle,
And never went there again.

Digitized by Google

THE OLD CARRION CROW.

A CARRION crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat!
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Digitized by Google

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.
That I may shoot yon carrion crow.
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

The tailor shot, and he missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
And shot the miller's sow right through the heart.
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Wife! oh wife! bring brandy in a spoon,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
For the old miller's sow is in a swoon.
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

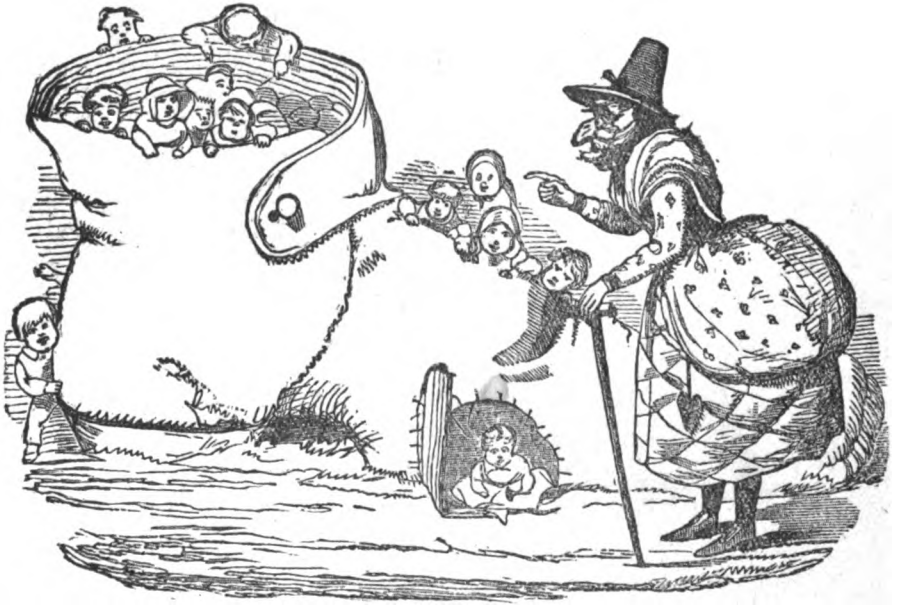
Charley loves good cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy,
Charley loves to kiss the girls,
When they are clean and handy.

Clap hands, clap hands!
Till father comes home;
For father's got money,
But mother's got none.
Clap hands, &c.

Digitized by Google

THE man in the moon
Came down too soon,
And ask'd his way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease-porridge.

THERE was an old soldier of Bister,
Went walking one day with his sister;
When a cow at a poke,
Toss'd her into an oak,
Before the old gentleman miss'd her.



THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipp'd them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

Digitized by Google

WHEN good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums:
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

Digitized by Google

A is the APE, who is dressed very well,
Though he is not too wise, as most people can tell.

Digitized by Google

B is the BULL, very
stubborn is he,
Although he's enjoying himself
as you see.

Digitized by Google

C is the CAT, looking round very sly,
At a journeyman Dog, who is passing hard by.

Digitized by Google

D is the DOG, steadfast,
honest and true,
I hope he'll get married to
Pussy, don't you?

Digitized by Google

E is the ELEPHANT, and
very few
Are so learned, so big, and so
slovenly too.

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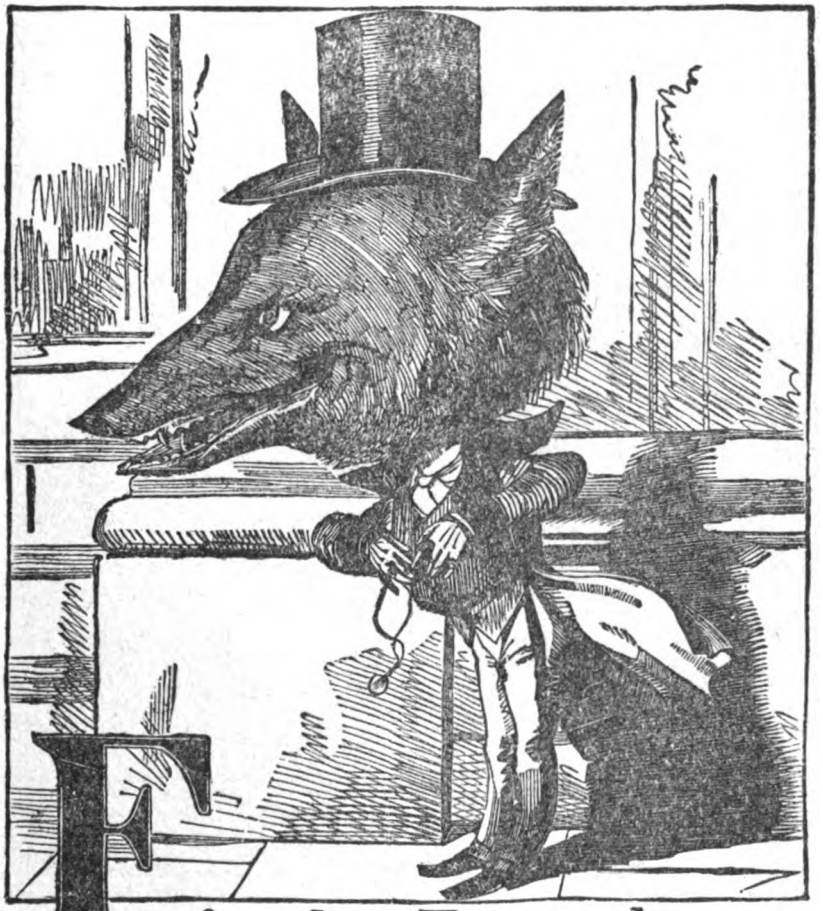

F is the Fox, who, as sharp as a knife,
Looks out for Miss Goose, (he's in want of a wife.)

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G is the GOOSE, who is proud to be seen,
In her very best frock, and her new crinoline.

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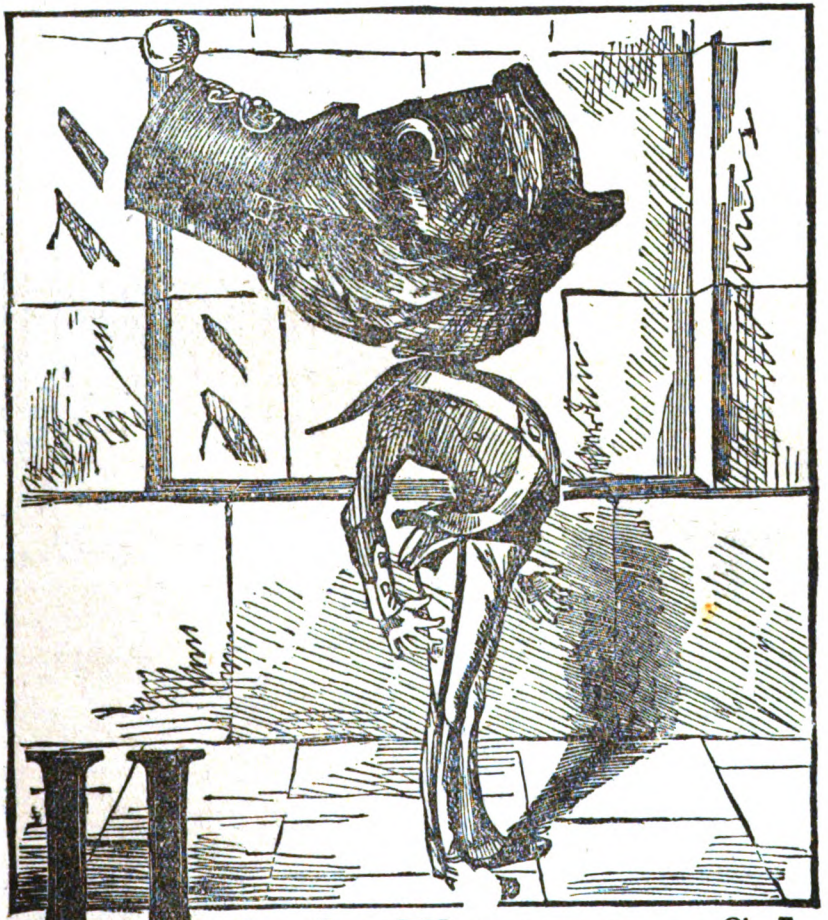

H is the HERRING, a Soldier just made,
I hope when in battle, he'll not be afraid.

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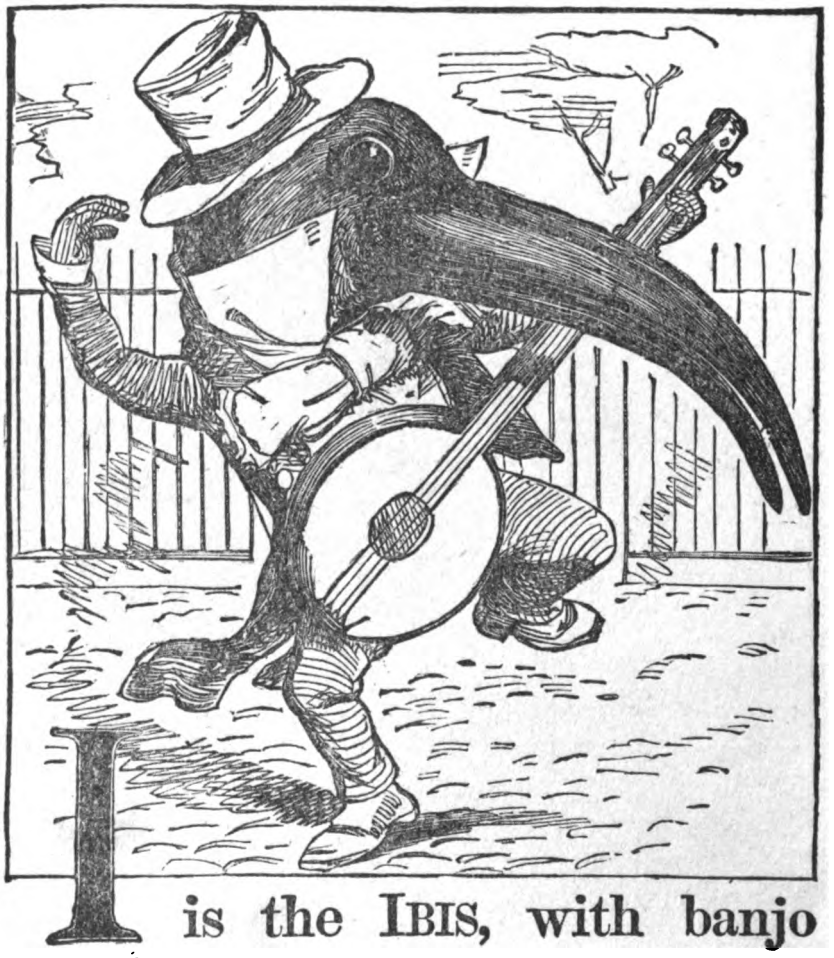

I is the IBIS, with banjo
to play,
He will sing you his "nigger"
songs every day.

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J is the JACKDAW, who
looks very sly,
When I trust him, I hope there'll
be somebody nigh.

Digitized by Google

K is the KANGAROO, ragged and poor,
Will you give her a crust, when she knocks at your door?

Digitized by Google

L is the LION, just put
on half-pay,
He fought for his country, full
many a day.

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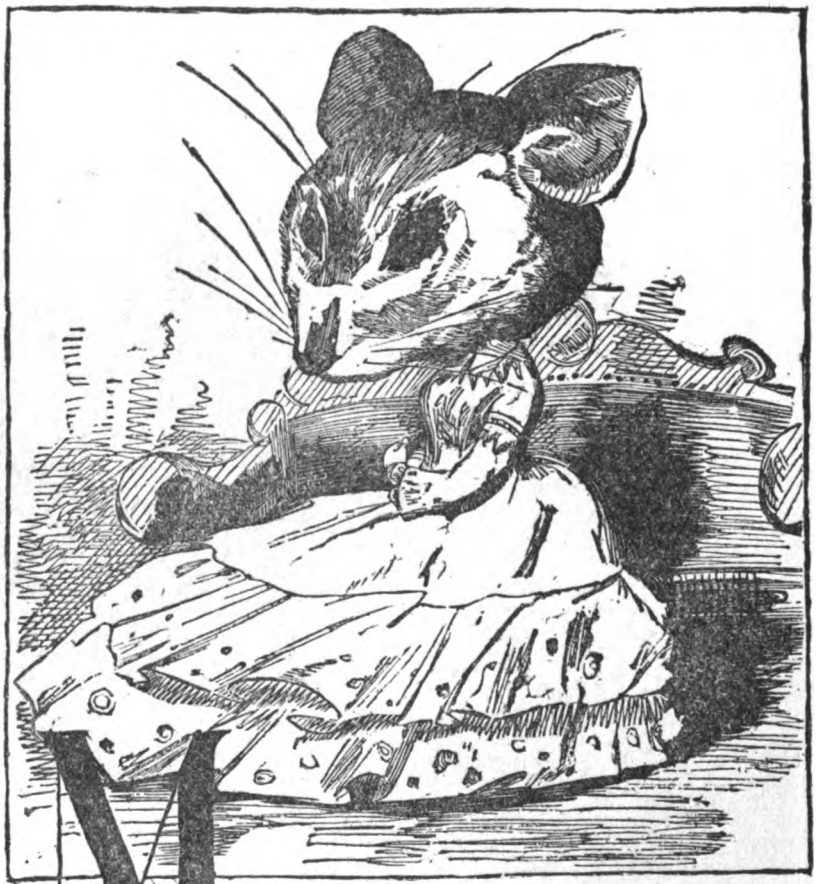

M is the MOUSE, see her
lustrous black eye,
You would like her much more
if she were not so shy.

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N is the NIGHTINGALE,
singing a song,
I'm sure I could listen for ever
so long.

Digitized by Google

**O is the OWL, who's as wise as he looks,
With his spectacles round, and a couple of books.**

Digitized by Google

P is the PARROT, a prosy old man
You'll be glad to get rid of, as soon as you can.

Digitized by Google

Q is the QUAIL, who is running home quick,
For his schoolmates have threatened to give him the stick.

Digitized by Google

R is the RABBIT, slow,
stupid, and mild,
I'm only afraid he's a silly, spoilt
child.

Digitized by Google

S is the SHARK, if he had not been fed,
He'd be likely to turn round and snap off your head.

Digitized by Google

T the TURKEY; I'm sure
you'd not think from his age,
That the best thing he does, is
to get in a rage.

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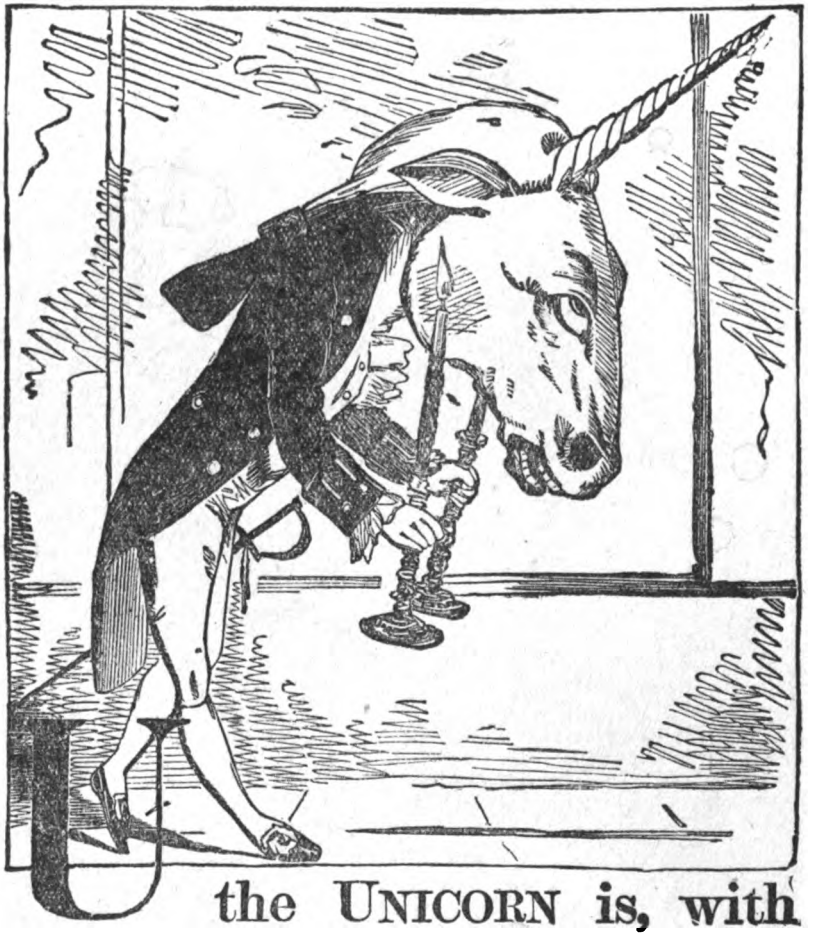

the UNICORN is, with
his candlesticks two,
Walking backwards to usher
the Queen, passing through.

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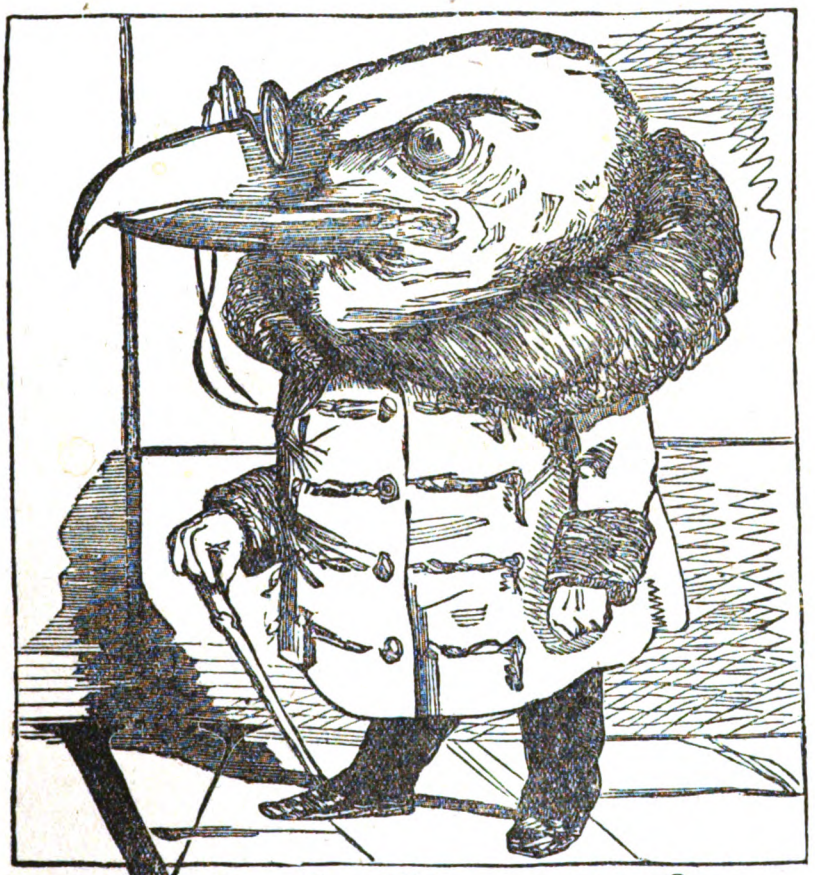

V is the VULTURE, fierce,
wicked, and old,
He'll do anything vile, that will
bring him in gold.

Digitized by Google

W is the WOLF, hungry, ragged, and grim,
If you take my advice, you will not go near him.

Digitized by Google

X is EXTINCT; he thinks
everything bad,
That was not invented, when
he was a lad.

Digitized by Google

YELLOWHAMMER, a
goldbeater's name,
He hammered the gold leaf
that gilds papa's frame.

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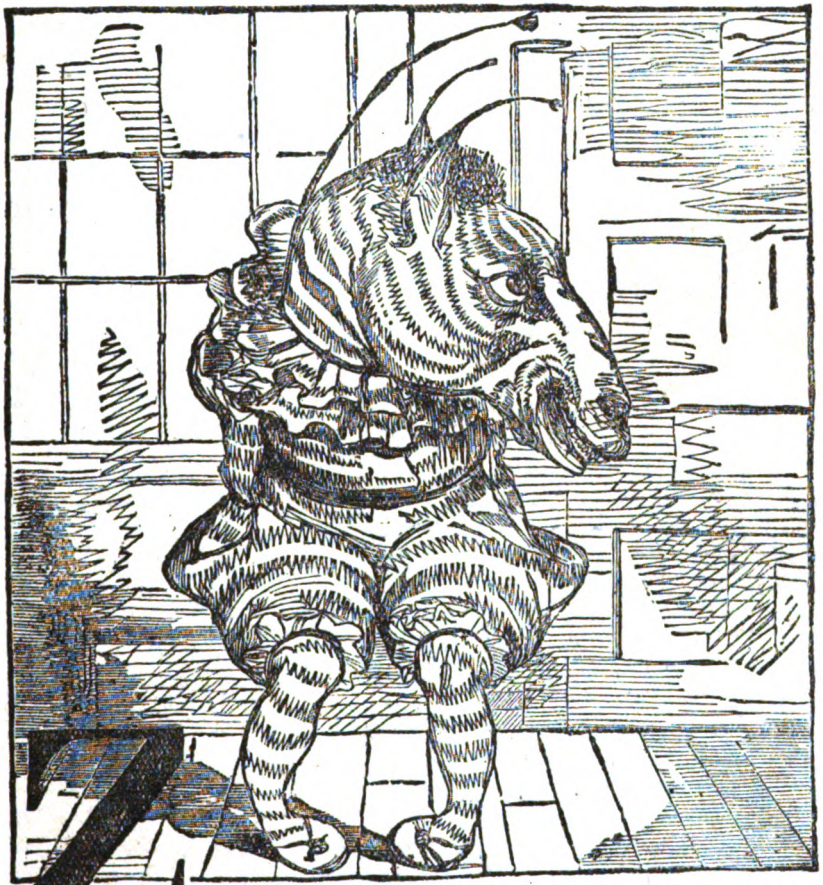


Z is the ZEBRA, a zany,
and clown,
Now we've got to the end, let
the curtain come down.

Digitized by Google

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten:
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
O, brother Richard! the sun's very high.

You go first with bottle and bag,
And I'll come after on little Jack Nag;
You go first, and open the gate,
And I'll come after, and break your pate.

RUB a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
All jumped out of a rotten potato.

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window,
To say, "How do you do?"
When he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

Digitized by Google

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pepper,
A peck of pepper Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper,
Where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper picked?

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man;
So I will, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
Put it in the oven for Baby and me.

PITTY Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt,
Here a nail,
And there a nail,
Pitty Patty Polt.

PUSSY cat Mole,
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole;
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

Digitized by Google

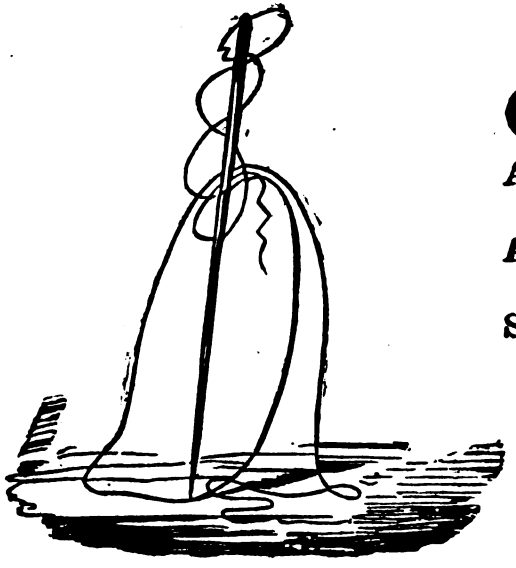
HEY ding a ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty—my stomach's empty;
Pray, Mamma, give me some dinner.

HERE we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down comes hush-a-by, baby, and all.

Digitized by Google

ONE, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a courting;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen;
Seventeen, eighteen, maids a waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's empty,
Please, mamma, give me some dinner.



OLD mother Twitchet had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap.
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

[*A needle and thread.*]

PUSSY-CAT, Pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the Queen;
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

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TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

TELL tale, tit!
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

A THATCHER of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching.
Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchet a-thatching?
If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching,
Where's the thatching the thatcher of Thatchwood has thatched?

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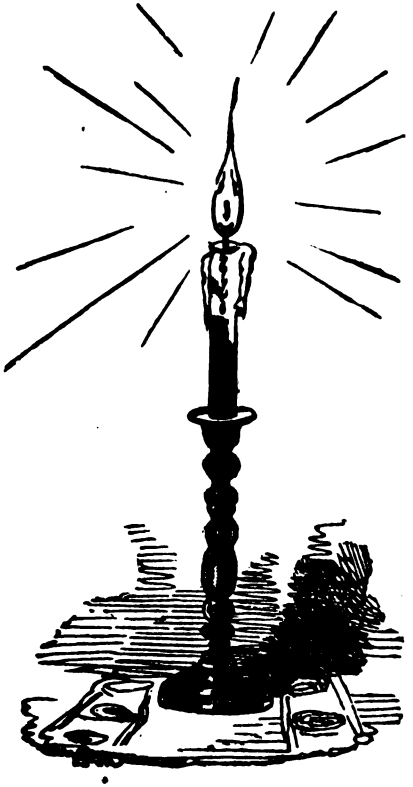
LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Red-breast jumped upon a spade,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and made him afraid;
Little Robin chirp'd and sung, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew, mew, mew," and Robin flew away.



LITTLE Anne Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.
[*A Candle.*]

LITTLE Tee Wee,
He went to sea,
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat bended,
And my story's ended.

LITTLE Mary Ester,
Sat upon a tester,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a large spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frighten'd poor Mary away.

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X shall stand for playmates Ten;
V for Five stout stalwart men;
I for but One, as I'm alive;
C for a Hundred, and D for Five;
M for a Thousand soldiers true;
And all these figures I've told to you.

YET didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me?
They broke my pitcher, and spilt my water;
And huff'd my mother, and chid her daughter;
And kissed my sister instead of me.

ZANY, Zany, Zaddlepate,
Go to bed early and
get up late.

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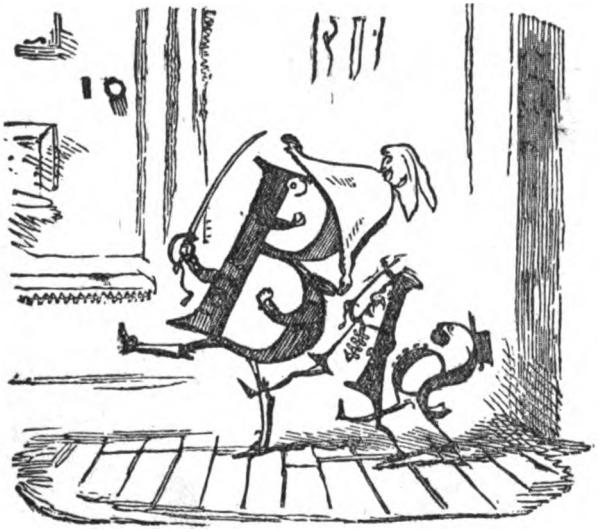
GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good-will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.



GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

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A LONG-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without a tail;
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

A BBACE,
Daffagee,
Kellamenoppekew,
Rustyvee,
Doubleyou,
X, Y, Z.

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

A B, C, and D, pray, playmates agree
E, F, and G, well so it shall be.
J, K, and L, in peace we will dwell,
M, N, and O, to play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S, love may we possess.
W, X, and Y, will not quarrel or die.
Z, and ampherse-and, go to school at command.

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THE ART OF GOOD DRIVING

THE art of good driving's a paradox quite,
Though custom has proved it so long;
If you go to the left, you're sure to go right,
If you go to the right, you go wrong.

TWELVE huntsmen with horns and hounds,
Hunting over other men's grounds!
Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
Some bound for France and some for Spain:
I wish them all safe home again:
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care;
Eight joiners in joiner's hall,
Working with the tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog "Ball,"
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkies tied to a clog;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

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FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring.
[*A plumb pudding.*]

FOUR and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow;
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now.

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THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November:
February has twenty-eight alone;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

THERE was a little man
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Then will you, Yea or Nay,
For least said is soonest mended-ded, ded, ded."

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DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come
up to town,
In a fine petticoat and a green gown.

DIDDLETY, diddlety, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plumb tree;
Half-a-crown to fetch her down,
Diddlety, diddlety, dumpty.

DING, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.

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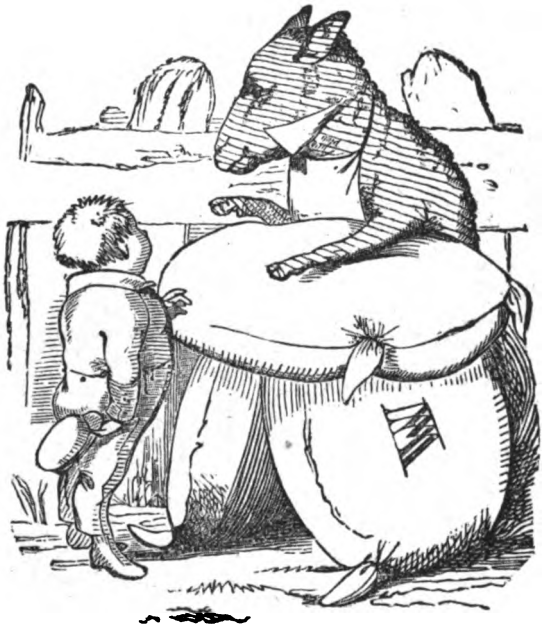

BAH, bah, black sheep, have you any wool,
Yes, marry have I, three bags full:
One for my master, and one for my dame,
But none for the little boy who cries in the lane.

BROW, brow, brinkie;
Eye, eye, winkie;
Nose, nose, nopper;
Mouth, mouth, merry;
Cheek, cheek, cherry;
Chin, chin, chopper.

BYE, baby, bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his baby bunting in.

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TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark;
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

THE rose is red; the violet's blue;
Honey's sweet; and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine,
I drew thee for my Valentine;
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And fortune said it should be you.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

MY dear, don't you know
How, a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight;
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light;
They sobbed, and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things
They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread:
And all the day long
They sang them this song—
"Poor babes in the wood,
Poor babes in the wood;"
And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?

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THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's Day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other, he said "Nay;"
The third said it was a house,
And the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon;
The other, he said "Nay;"
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

WE'RE all dry with drinking on't,
We're all dry with drinking on't;
The piper kissed the fiddler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on't.

DUSTY was the coat,
Dusty was the color,
Dusty was the kiss
Of my charming miller,

If I had my pockets
Full of gold and silver,
I would give it all
To my charming miller.
If I had, &c.

"WILL ye buy syboes?
Will ye buy leeks?
Will ye buy my bonnie lassie
Wi' the red cheeks?"

"I winna buy your syboes,
I winna buy your leeks;
But I will buy your bonnie lassie
Wi' the red cheeks."

UP hill and down dale,
Butter is made in every vale:
And if Nancy Cook
Is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother
Grows a young man.

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EEN-A, DEEN-A, DINE-A, DUST.

EGGS, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone, dead,
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown.

ELIZABETH, Lizzy, and Betsy
and Bess,
They all went together to seek
a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with
five eggs in,
They all took one and left four
in.

EEN-a, deen-a,
Dine-a, dust,
Catt 'll-a, ween-a,
Wine-a, wust,
Spit, spot, must be done,
Twiddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one.
O-U-T, spells out,
A nasty dirty dish-clout.

F FOR fig, J for jig,
And N for knuckle bones,
I for John the waterman,
And S for sack of stones.

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Mother Goose's Fairy Tales.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich merchant, and he had six children, three boys and three girls. The three daughters were all handsome, but particularly the youngest; indeed, she was so very beautiful that every one called her Beauty, which made her sisters very jealous of her. She was not only handsomer than her sisters, but also better tempered and more industrious.

It happened that, by an unlucky accident, the merchant was ruined, and had nothing left of all his vast property but a small cottage in the country, and to it he told his daughters they must now remove.

When they had removed to their cottage, the merchant and his three sons employed themselves in tilling the ground. Beauty

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also was very diligent, and looked after the house, but her sisters lay in bed, and read novels and grumbled at the loss of their fine things.

They had lived in this way for about a year, when the merchant received a letter, telling him that one of his richest ships, which he thought was lost, had just come into port. At this news the two eldest sisters were quite wild with joy. Their father told them he had to take a journey to the ship, and, when they heard that, they begged that he would bring them all sorts of finery, when he came home. "Beauty," said the merchant, "you ask nothing: what can I bring you, my child?" "Since you are so kind as to think of me, dear father," she answered, "I should be glad if you would bring me a rose, for we have none in our garden." That was all she asked for. The merchant set out on his journey. He got safely to the ship, but some persons went to law with him about the cargo, and, after a great deal of trouble, he began his journey homeward as poor as before. When he was within thirty miles of his cottage he lost his way in the midst of a thick wood. It rained and snowed very hard, and then night came on. All at once, he saw a light down a long avenue. He made the best of his way towards it, and found that it came from a splendid palace. The merchant entered the open gate, but not a living soul was to be seen.

He alighted, and his poor starved horse walked into the stables to take a good meal of oats and hay. His master passed into the house, and in a large room he found a good fire, and a table covered with some very nice dishes, and one plate with a fork and a knife. He went up to the fire to dry himself, expecting always that some one would appear; but no one came. So, being very hungry, he began supper himself, and then, being very tired, he found a room where there was a fine bed, and got into it, and fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning he was amazed to see a handsome new suit of clothes laid ready for him, instead of his own

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which were spoiled. He looked out of the window, and instead of the snow-covered wood, he saw the most lovely arbors, covered with all kinds of flowers Returning to the room where he had supped he found a breakfast-table ready prepared. He made a hearty breakfast, took his hat, and went to look after his horse.

As he passed under one of the arbors, which was loaded with roses, he thought of what Beauty had asked, and plucked a bunch to carry home. At that very moment he heard a loud noise, and saw a huge beast coming towards him. "You are most ungrateful," cried the beast, "I have saved your life by admitting you to my palace and, in return you steal my precious roses. But you shall atone for your fault; you shall die in a quarter of an hour."

The poor merchant implored forgiveness, saying he had only plucked the roses for one of his daughters, and had no intention to offend. "You tell me you have daughters," said the Beast; "now I will suffer you to escape if one of them will come and die in your stead. If not, promise that you will yourself return in three months." The merchant knew that if he seemed to accept the Beast's terms he should at least have the pleasure of seeing his daughters once again, so he gave his promise, and was told that he might set off as soon as he liked. "But," said the Beast, "there is no reason why you should go back empty-handed. Go to the room where you slept, and you will find a chest; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will have it taken to your house for you."

When the beast had said this he went away. The merchant thought this was rather extraordinary kindness from such a man

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ster. He returned to the room he had slept in, and found heaps of gold pieces lying about. He filled the chest with them to the very brim, locked it, and left the palace. In a few hours he reached his home. His children came running round him, but instead of kissing them for joy, he could not help weeping. In his hand was the bunch of roses, which he gave to Beauty, telling how dearly it had cost him. "You shall not die," said Beauty; "as the Beast will accept one of your daughters, I shall take your place." And nothing would make her alter her purpose. The merchant was so grieved at the thought of losing his child, that he never remembered the chest filled with gold, but at night he found it standing by his bedside. He said nothing about his riches to his eldest daughters, but he told Beauty his secret, and she then said that whilst he was away, two gentlemen had been on a visit to their cottage, and had fallen in love with her two sisters. She entreated her father to marry them without delay, for she was so good she only wished them to be happy.

The three months went quickly by, and then the merchant and Beauty got ready to set out for the palace of the Beast. They reached the palace, and entered the great hall, and there they found a table covered with every dainty, and two plates laid ready. The merchant had no appetite, but Beauty, that she might the better hide her grief, placed herself at table and helped her father; then she began to eat herself. When supper was ended, they heard a great noise, and the Beast entered. Beauty tried to hide her fear. The Beast walked up to her, and asked if she had come quite of her own accord. "Yes," said Beauty. "Then I am much obliged to you," replied the Beast. He said this so civilly that Beauty's courage rose; but it sank again when the Beast, turning to the merchant, desired him to quit the palace next morning, and never to return. "And so, good-night, Merchant, and good-night, Beauty." "Good-night, Beast," she answered, and the monster retired. In her sleep

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that night she dreamed that a lady came to her and said, "I am very much pleased, Beauty, with your goodness in being willing to give your life to save that of your father. Fear nothing! You shall not go unrewarded."

In the morning, after her father had gone away, poor Beauty began to weep. She soon resolved, however, not to make matters worse by crying. She determined to wait and be patient. She walked about to take a view of all the palace, and the elegance of every part of it delighted her. But how surprised she was when she came to a door on which was written "BEAUTY'S ROOM!" She opened it, and her eyes were dazzled by the magnificence of the apartment. There was a large library in it, and a piano, and a harp, and many pieces of music. She lifted one of the books, and saw these verses written upon it in gold letters:—

"Beauteous lady, dry your tears,
Here you have no cause for fears:
What you wish, you've but to say;
You command, and I obey."

"Alas!" said she, sighing, "I wish I could only see my poor father!" Just then she caught sight of a looking-glass near her, and in it she saw a picture of her home, and her father riding mournfully up to the door, and her sisters coming out to meet him. In a short time all this picture disappeared. At noon she found dinner ready for her, and a sweet concert of music played all the time she was eating, without her seeing anybody. But at supper-time she heard the Beast coming, and could not help trembling with fear. "Beauty," said he, "will you give me leave to see you sup?" "That is as you please," answered she. "Not at all," said the Beast, "you command here. But tell me Beauty, do you not think me very ugly?" "Why, yes," said she, "for I cannot tell a lie; but I think you very good." "Am I?" replied the Beast.

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sadly: "besides being ugly, I am also very stupid." "Very stupid people," said Beauty, "never think themselves stupid; and you are so kind," smiled Beauty, earnestly, "that I almost forget you are so ugly." "Ah yes!" answered the Beast with a sigh, "I hope I am good-tempered, but still I am only a monster." "There is many a monster who has the shape of a man," replied Beauty; "it is better to have a good heart and the shape of a monster." Altogether, the Beast seemed so gentle and so unhappy, that Beauty felt her fear of him gradually vanish. At last, however, the Beast rose to depart, and he frightened her more than ever by saying, abruptly, "Beauty, will you marry me?" Now Beauty would only speak the exact truth; so she answered in a firm voice, "No, Beast." He did not grow angry at her refusal; he only gave a great sigh, and left the room.

Beauty lived in the palace pleasantly for three months. The Beast came to see her every night at supper-time; and though what he said was not very clever, yet she saw in him every day something new to admire. The only thing that vexed her was that every night before he went away he asked her if she would marry him, and seemed much grieved at her always answering "No." After a while he asked her at least to promise that she would never leave him. Now Beauty would almost have agreed to this, she was so sorry for him, but she had seen that very day in her magic glass that her father was dying of grief for her sake. Her sisters were married, and her brothers had gone to the wars, so the father was left all alone. "Alas!" she said, "I long so much to see my father, that if you do not give me leave to visit him, it will break my heart." "I would rather mine were broken, Beauty," answered the Beast. And he gave her leave on her promising to return in a week. "You will find yourself to-morrow morning at your father's house," he said; "but do not forget your promise. When you wish to return you have only to put your

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ring on a table when you go to bed. Good-bye, Beauty!" When she awoke in the morning, there she was in her father's cottage. She rang a bell, and a servant entered. As soon as she saw Beauty she gave a loud shriek; the merchant ran up-stairs to see what was the matter, and, when he saw his daughter, he ran to her and kissed her a hundred times. At last Beauty remembered that she had brought no clothes with her; the servant told her, however, she had just found in the next room a large chest full of splendid dresses. Soon her sisters, with their husbands, came to pay her a visit. And they both lived, I may tell you, very unhappily with the gentlemen they had married. They were ready to burst with envy when they saw Beauty dressed like a princess and looking so charming and happy. So, what did the spiteful creatures do, but lay a plan to keep her longer than the week for which the Beast had given her leave. "Perhaps," they thought, "he will be so angry when she goes back to him that he will kill her." The plan succeeded. Beauty agreed to stay a few days longer. On the ninth day of her being at the cottage she dreamed she was in the garden of the Beast, and that he lay dying on a grass-plot; and she thought she heard him putting her in mind of her promise, and saying that her forsaking him was the cause of his death. Beauty awoke in a great fright. "How wicked I am!" she said, "to behave so ill to a Beast who has been so kind to me! Why will I not marry him? I should be happier with him than my sisters are with their husbands. He shall not suffer any longer on my account." She put her ring on the table, went back to bed again, and soon fell asleep. In the morning she was delighted to find herself in the palace of the Beast. The day passed very slowly. At last the clock struck nine, but the Beast did not come. What a fright Beauty was in then! She ran from room to room, calling out, "Beast dear Beast!" but there was no answer. Then she rushed to the grass-plot she had seen in her

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THE ENCHANTMENT ENDED.

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dream, and there she saw him lying apparently dead. Forgetting all his ugliness, she threw herself down beside him, and finding his heart still beat, she fetched some water and sprinkled it over him, weeping and sobbing all the time. The Beast opened his eyes. "You forgot your promise," he said, in a faint voice, "but I shall die happy since I have seen your face once more." "No, dear Beast," cried Beauty, passionately, "you shall not die; you shall live to be my husband. I thought it was only friendship I felt for you, but now I know it was love."

The moment Beauty had said these words the palace was suddenly lighted up, and all kinds of rejoicing were heard. The Beast, too, disappeared, and in his stead she saw at her feet a handsome young prince, who thanked her tenderly for having freed him from enchantment. "A wicked fairy," said the prince, "condemned me to be a beast, and forbade me to show that I had any wit or sense till a beautiful lady should consent to marry me. You alone, dearest Beauty, judged me neither by my looks nor by my talents, but by my heart alone. Take it, then, and all I have besides, for all is yours."

Beauty, full of surprise, but very happy, allowed the prince to lead her to the palace, where she found her father and her brothers and sisters, who had been brought there by the fairy whom she had seen in a dream the first night she came. "Beauty," said the fairy, "you have now your reward, for is not a true heart better than good looks or clever brains? As for you," and she turned to the two elder sisters, "I have no worse punishment for you than to see your sister happy. You shall stand as statues at her palace door, and when you repent of your faults, you shall become women again. But, to tell the truth, I very much fear that you will be statues for ever."

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HOP-O'-MY-THUMB;

OR, THE SEVEN-LEAGUED BOOTS.

LONG, long ago, a faggot-maker and his wife lived in a little village with their seven small children, who were all boys. And the youngest was the smallest little fellow ever seen; he was called Hop-o'-my-thumb. The poor child did all the hard work of the house, and if anything was done wrong he was sure to get the blame of it. For all this, Hop-o'-my-thumb was far cleverer than any of his brothers. It happened just at the time when this story begins, that there was such a famine in the country that the faggot-maker and his wife could not give the boys any thing to eat. They grew very melancholy, but that did no good. At last they made up their minds that as there was no way of living, they must some how get rid of their children. One night, after the boys were gone to bed, they sat over a few lighted sticks trying to warm themselves, and the husband gave a great sigh and said. "We cannot keep our children, you know, any longer, and to see them starve to death before our eyes, is what I could never bear To-morrow morning, therefore, we will take them to the forest and leave them in the thickest part of it, so that they will not be able to find their way back. His wife thought how shocking it would be to see them die of hunger before their eyes; so she agreed to what her husband proposed, and then went sobbing to bed.

All this time Hop-o'-my-thumb had been awake, and had overheard all the conversation. The whole night he lay thinking what he should do. He rose early and went down to the river's

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"HOP-O'-MY-THUMB OVERHEARD ALL THE CONVERSATION."

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bank, filled his pockets with small white stones and then returned home.

Soon they all set out for the wood, and Hop-o'-my-thumb said not a word to any of his brothers about what he had heard. They came to the forest. The faggot-maker set to work cutting down wood, and the children began to gather twigs. When the father and mother saw that the little ones were all very busy, they slipped away, without being seen. The children soon found themselves left alone; then they began to cry as loud as they could. Hop-o'-my-thumb, however, did not cry; he knew well enough how his brothers and he were to get safe home; he had taken care to drop the white pebbles he had in his pockets all along the way they had come. So he said, "Never mind, my lads, follow me and I will lead you back again." When they heard this they left off crying, and followed Hop-o'-my-thumb, and he soon brought them back to their father's house. At first they were afraid to go in, and stood at the door to hear what their parents were talking about. Now it had happened, just as the faggot-maker and his wife had come home without their children, a gentleman who lived near the village, had sent two guineas to them for work they had done for him a long time before. This made them quite happy. "Go out immediately," said the faggot-maker to his wife, "and buy some meat." She went out and bought enough for six or eight persons. Her husband and she ate and ate, and they were so busy eating that they forgot all about their seven sons. At last they came into the mother's mind, and she cried out, "Alas! where are our poor children? what a feast they would make on what we have left!" The children, who were all at the door, cried out together, "Here we are, mother, here we are!" She flew to let them in and kissed evey one of them.

Their parents were delighted at having them once more with them; but their joy only lasted till the two guineas were spent,

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"HOP-O'-MY-THUMB FILLED HIS POCKETS WITH SMALL WHITE STONES.."

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then they found themselves quite as ill off as before. Once more they began to talk of leaving them in the forest. They could not talk about this so slily but that Hop-o'-my-thumb found means to hear everything. But what he heard gave him very little concern; he thought it would be easy for him to do as he had done before. He got up very early the next morning to go to get the pebbles; but great was his dismay to find that the house door was double locked. He was quite at a loss now what to do. In a little, however, his mother gave each of the children a piece of bread for breakfast. Hop-o'-my-thumb thought he would manage to make his piece of bread do as well as the pebbles, by dropping crumbs as he went. So he put it into his pocket.

Soon they all set out, and the father and mother took care to lead the children into the very thickest and darkest part of the wood. They then slipped quickly away, and left them alone. When Hop-o'-my-thumb came to look for the crubs, so as to find the way home he found that not one was left, for the birds had eaten them all up The poor children were now badly off.

Before it was quite dark, Hop-o'-my-thumb climbed to the top of a tree, and looked round on all sides to see if he could see any way of getting help. He saw a small light beyond the forest. He came down from the tree, and after a great deal of trouble, he and his brothers found their way to the house where it was burning. They knocked at the door; it was opened by a pleasant looking lady, who asked what brought them there. Hop-o'-my-thumb told her they were poor children who had lost their road, and he begged that she would let them sleep there till morning. But the lady said, "Ah, my poor children, you do not know what place you have come to. This is the house of an ogre who eats up little boys and girls." "Madam," replied Hop-o'-my-thumb, and he trembled from head to foot, "what shall we do? If we go back to the forest we are sure to be torn to pieces by the wolves. We had

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THE FATHER AND MOTHER LEADING THE CHILDREN INTO THE WOOD.

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better, I think be eaten by the gentleman; besides, when he sees us, perhaps he will spare our lives."

The ogre's wife thought she could contrive to hide them from her husband till the morning, so she let them in, and told them they might sit down to warm themselves before the fire.

In about a quarter of an hour there came a loud knocking at the door; this was the ogre come home. His wife hurried the children under the bed, and told them to lie still; then she let her husband in.

The ogre asked if supper was ready; ther he sat down at the table. In a minute or two he began to sniff this way and that way, and said he smelt child's flesh. "It must be the calf which has just been killed," said his wife. "I smell *child's* flesh, I tell you!" cried the ogre, looking all about the room as soon as he had said this he rose and went towards the bed.

"Oh, madam," said he, "you thought to cheat me, did you? But, really, how lucky this is! these brats will make a nice dish for three ogres who are to dine with me to-morrow."

He then drew the children out one by one from under the bed. The poor boys fell on their knees, and begged his pardon as humbly as they could. It was all in vain, the ogre fetched a large knife, and began to sharpen it on a long whet-stone that he held in his left hand, and all the while he came nearer the bed. He then caught up one of the children, and was going to set about cutting him to pieces, when his wife said, "What in the world makes you take the trouble of killing them to-night? will it not be time enough to-morrow morning?"

"That is very true," said the ogre, throwing down the boy and the knife. "Give them all a good supper, that they may not get lean, and send them to bed." The good woman was quite glad at this. She gave them plenty for their supper, but the poor children were so terrified that they could not eat a bit.

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"WE WOULD BETTER, I THINK, BE EATEN BY THE GENTLEMAN."

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The ogre sat down to his supper in great glee at the thought of giving his friends such a dainty dish; this made him drink rather more wine than usual, and soon he felt so sleepy that he went off to bed. Now the ogre had seven daughters, who were all about as young as Hop-o'-my-thumb and his brothers. These young ogresses had been put to bed very early that night: they all slept together in a large bed, and every one of them had a crown of gold on her head. There was another bed of the same size in the room, and in this the ogre's wife put the seven little boys.

Now Hop-o'-my-thumb was afraid that the ogre would wake in the night, and kill him and his brothers whilst they were asleep. So he crept softly out of bed, took off his brothers' night-caps and his own, and went with them to the bed where the young ogresses slept; he then took off their crowns, and put the night-caps on their heads instead; next he put the crowns on his brothers' heads and his own, and then he got into bed again; and he expected after this that, if the ogre should come, he would take him and his brothers for his own children. Everything turned out as he wished. The ogre awoke soon after midnight, and began to be very sorry that he had put off killing the boys till the morning: so he jumped up and began brandishing his large knife. "Let us see," said he, "what the young rascals are about, and do the business at once!" He then walked stealthily to the room where they all were, and went up to the bed the boys were in, and they were all asleep except Hop-o'-my-thumb. He touched their heads one after another, and, feeling the crowns of gold, said to himself, "Oh, ho! I had like to have made such a mistake. I must have drunk too much wine last night." He then went to the bed that his own little ogresses occupied, and when he felt the night caps, he said, "Oh! here you are, my lads;" and so in a moment he cut the throats of all his daughters. He went back to his own

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"HE THEN DREW THE CHILDREN FROM UNDER THE BED."

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room then, to sleep till morning. As soon as Hop-o'-my-thumb heard him snore, he roused his brothers, and told them to put on their clothes quickly and follow him. They stole on tip-toe down into the garden, jumped from the wall into the road, and ran swiftly away.

In the morning, when the ogre awoke, he said to his wife, grinning, "My dear, go and dress the young rogues I saw last night." She supposed that he wanted her to help them to put on their clothes, so she went up stairs, and the first thing she saw was her seven daughters lying with their throats cut. She fell down at once in a faint. The ogre was afraid she might be too long in doing what he wanted, so he followed her and words cannot tell how shocked he was at the sight which met his eyes! "Oh, what have I done!" he cried, "but the little rascals shall pay for it, I warrant them!' He threw some water on his wife's face, and, as soon as she came to herself, he said, "Bring me my seven-league boots, that I may go and catch the young vipers." The boots were fetched; the ogre drew them on, and set out. He went striding over many parts of the country, and at last turned into the very road in which the poor children were. They had discovered the way to their father's cottage, and had almost reached it. They watched the ogre stepping from mountain to mountain, and crossing rivers as if they had been small streams. Hop-o'-my-thumb thought for a moment what was to be done. He spied a hollow place under a large rock. "Get in there," said he to his brothers. He then crept in himself, but kept his eyes fixed on the ogre, to see what he would do next. The ogre found himself quite tired with his journey, so he began to think of resting, and where did he sit down but on the very rock under which the poor children were hid. He fell fast asleep, and soon began to snore so loud that the little fellows were terrified. When Hop-o'-my-thumb saw this, he told his brothers to steal away home and leave him to

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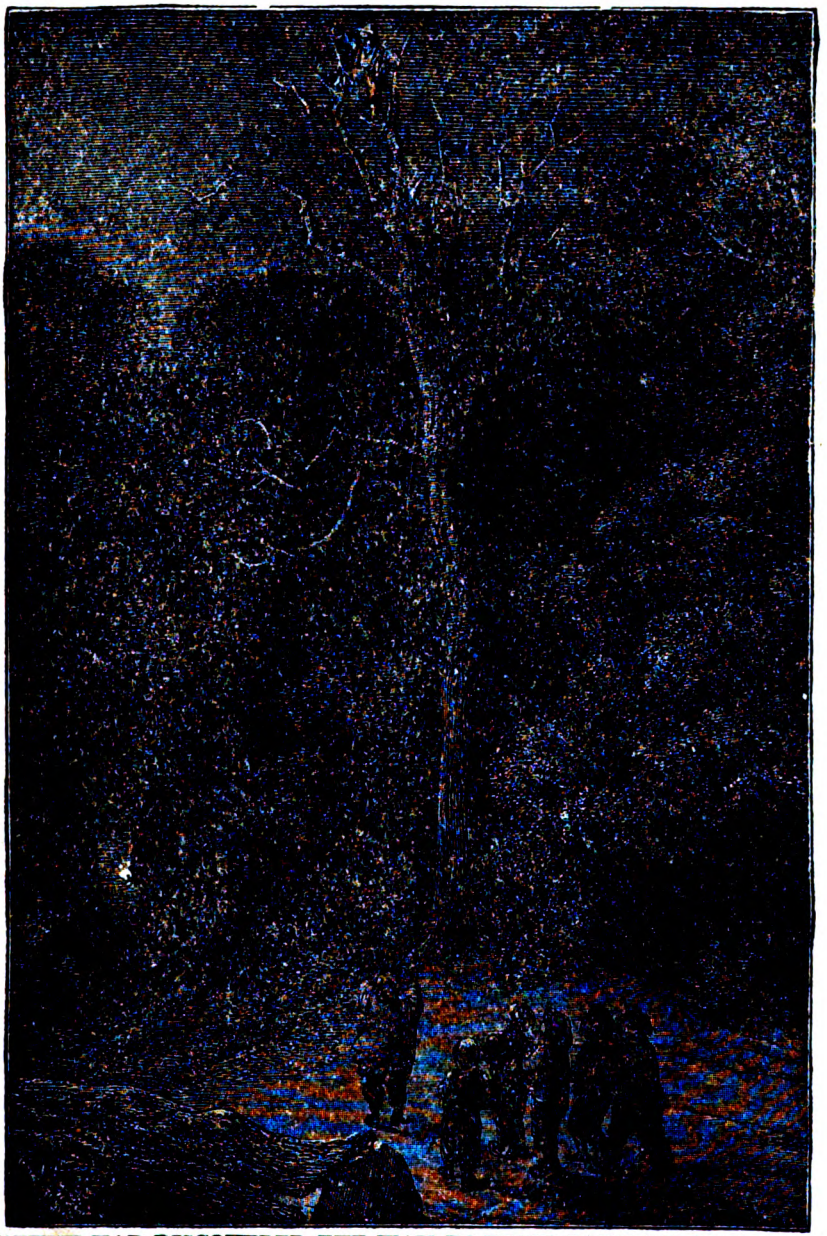

"THEY HAD DISCOVERED THE WAY TO THEIR FATHER'S COTTAGE."

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HOP-O'-THUMB PULLING OFF THE GIANT'S BOOTS.

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shift for himself. They did so. Then he crept up to the giant, pulled off his seven-league boots very gently, and put them on his own feet, for the boots, being fairy boots, could make themselves small enough to fit any foot they pleased.

As soon as Hop-o'-my-thumb had made sure of the ogre's seven-league boots, he went off to the palace and offered his services to carry orders from the king to his army, which was then at a great distance. In short, he thought he could be of more use to the king than all his mail coaches, and might make his fortune by carrying news here and there. He succeeded so well, that, in a short time, he made money enough to keep himself, his father, his mother, and his six brothers, without the trouble of working, for the rest of their lives.

And now let us see what became of the wicked ogre, whom we left sleeping on the rock. He had an evil conscience, and so had bad dreams, and in the middle of one of his dreams he slipped down and bruised himself so much that he could not stir. At last it grew dark, and then a great serpent came out of the wood near at hand and stung him, so that he died in pain.

And Hop-o'-my-thumb every day grew more witty and brave, and in the end the king made him the greatest lord in the kingdom, and he married the most beautiful lady that ever was known.

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THE SIX SWANS

ONCE upon a time a king was hunting a wild boar in a great forest, and he chased it so eagerly that none of his huntsmen could follow him. It began to grow dark, so he stopped to look about him, and then he saw that he had lost his way. Just at that moment he caught sight of an old woman coming towards him, whose head kept continually shaking. She was a witch.

"My good woman," said he to her, "can you show me the way out of the wood?"

"Oh yes, your majesty," answered she, "I can do that very well, but only on one condition, and if you do not agree to it you will never get out, and must die here of hunger."

"Tell me the condition," said the king.

"I have an only daughter," answered the old woman, "as beautiful a girl as there is in the wide world, and she deserves to be your wife. If you will make her your queen, I will show you the way out of the wood."

The king was so afraid that he would have to die there of hunger, that he consented.

The old woman then led him to her cottage, where her daughter sat by the side of the fire. She received the king as if she had expected him, and he saw that she was really very beautiful. But for all that she did not please him, and when he looked at her he shuddered. He had promised, however, to marry her, and there was an end of it. So he lifted her up beside him on his horse, and the old woman pointed out the way, and they soon arrived at the royal palace, where the wedding was celebrated.

This, you must know, was the king's second marriage. By his first wife he had seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he loved

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very much indeed. Now he was afraid that the stepmother might not be kind to them, so he took them to a lonely castle which stood in the midst of a wood. It was so hidden, and the road was so difficult to find, that he himself could never have got to it, if a wise woman had not given him a wonderful ball of thread, which, when he threw it before him, unrolled of itself and showed him the way

The king went so often to see his dear children that the queen noticed it, and was as full of curiosity as could be to know what business took him thus alone to the wood. She bribed his servants, and they told her about the children, and the castle far in the forest, and the wonderful ball that showed the way. After that she never rested till she found out where the king kept the ball Then she made some little white shirts, and she sewed a spell, that her mother had taught her, into each of them; and one day

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when the king had gone to hunt, she took the little shirts and set off for the castle, and the ball showed her how to go.

The six brothers saw some one in the distance, and thinking it was their father, ran joyfully to meet him. When they came up to her the queen threw the shirts over them, and when the shirts touched their bodies they were changed into swans, and flew away over the wood. The witch's daughter went home quite happy, and thought she had got rid of all her step-children; but the little girl had not run out with her brothers, and oddly enough the queen had not heard about her.

The next day the king came to visit his children, but he found nobody but the little daughter. "Where are your brothers?" he asked.

"Oh, dear father," she answered, "they are gone, and have left me alone." And then she told him how she had looked out of the window and seen her brothers changed into swans, and how they had flown away over the wood. She also showed him some feathers which they had dropped in the courtyard, and which she had picked up.

The king was grieved, but he never thought the queen had done this wicked deed. He feared the little girl might also be stolen away from him, so he wished to take her away back to the palace with him. But she was afraid of her stepmother, and begged her father to let her stay one night more in the castle in the wood. The poor little girl thought, "Something dreadful will be sure to happen to me if I go home; I will go and look for my brothers."

And when night came she ran away, and went straight into the wood. She walked all night long, and all the next day too, till she was so tired that she could go no farther. Then she saw a little house and went in, and she found a room with six little beds. She did not dare to lie down in any of them, but crept under one, laid herself on the hard floor, and tried to fall asleep.

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When the sun was just going to set she heard a rustling, and saw six swans flying in at the window. They sat down on the floor, and began blowing on one another, until they had blown all their feathers off, and their swan's skins came off like shirts. Then the little girl knew them at once for her brothers, and was very glad, and crept out from under the bed.

The brothers were no less pleased when they saw their sweet sister, but their joy did not last long. "You cannot stay here," said they to her, "this is a robber's house. If the robbers come in and find you, they will kill you."

"Cannot you protect me?" asked the little sister.

"No," answered they, "we can only take off our swan's skins for a quarter of an hour every evening, and have our natural shape during that time, but afterwards we become swans again."

The little sister cried and said, "Cannot you be released?"

"Oh no," answered they, "the conditions are too hard. You might release us, but you would need neither to speak nor laugh for six years, and would have to make for us six shirts of stitchweed during that time. If one single word happened to come from your mouth all your work would be in vain." When her brothers had said this, the quarter of an hour was over, and they turned into swans again and flew out of the window.

But the little girl made a firm resolution to rescue her brothers, even if it cost her her life. She left the cottage, and went into the middle of the wood and climbed up a tree, and spent the night among the branches. Next morning she got down, collected a quantity of stitchweed, and began to sew.

She could not speak to any one, for there was no one there to speak to, and she had no inclination to laugh. So there she sat and sewed and sewed.

When she had been there a long time, it chanced that the king of the country was hunting in the forest, and his hunters came to

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the tree on which the little girl was. They called to her and said, "Who are you?"

But she said nothing.

"Come down to us," they said, "we will do you no harm."

She only shook her head.

The hunters then climbed up the tree and brought down the little girl, and took her to the king.

The king asked, "Who are you? and what were you doing up in the tree?"

She never answered.

He asked the same questions in all the languages he knew, but she remained as dumb as a fish. However, she was so beautiful that the king's heart was touched, and he fell deeply in love with her. He placed her before him on his horse, and brought her to his castle, There he set her by him at table, and her modest look and dignified manners pleased him so much that he said, "I will marry her, and no one else in the world." He kept his promise, and married her a few days afterwards.

But the king had a wicked stepmother, who was not pleased with the marriage, and spoke ill of the young queen. "Who knows where the girl comes from?" said she; "one who cannot speak is not good enough for a king."

A year after, when. the queen's first little child was born, the old woman took it away, and smeared the queen's mouth with blood while she was asleep. Then she went to the king and accused the queen of eating her child. The king would not believe it, and would not let any one do her any harm; and she always sat and sewed the shirts, and would take no notice of anything else.

Next time that she had another beautiful baby the wicked stepmother did the same as before, but again the king would not listen to her. "My wife," he said, "is too pious and good to do such a thing. If she were not dumb. if she could speak and defend herself, her innocence would be as clear as day."

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THE KING AND HIS DUMB QUEEN.

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But when for the third time the old woman stole the new-born child and accused the queen, who could not say a word in her defence, the king could not help himself; he was obliged to give her up to the hands of justice, and she was condemned to be burned to death.

When the day came that the sentence was to be carried out, it happened to be exactly the last day of the six years during which she might neither speak nor laugh. A little while now would free her brothers from the power of the spell. The six shirts were finished, all but the last one, which still wanted the left sleeve. As she went to the place of execution she carried the shirts on her arm, and when she stood at the stake and the fire was just going to be lit, she looked round, and there came six swans flying through the air. The swans flew to her and alighted quite near; she threw the shirts over them, and as soon as that was done their swan's skins fell off, and her brothers stood before her. They were all grown up, and were as strong and handsome young princes as you could see, only the youngest had no left arm, but instead of it a swan's wing.

They embraced and kissed their sister, and then the queen went to the king and said, "Dear husband, now I may speak and tell you that I am innocent and falsely accused." And she told him about the deceit of the old stepmother, who had taken away her three children and hidden them. The three children, however, were soon fetched safely back, to the great joy of the king and queen, and the stepmother was tied to the stake and burnt to ashes.

The king and queen, with the six brothers, lived many years in peace and prosperity. And so ends this tale.

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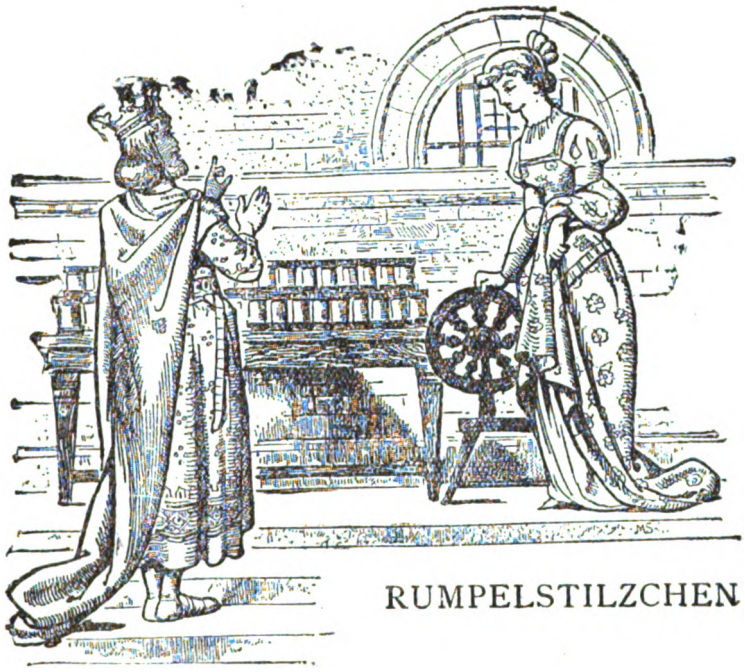

RUMPELSTILZCHEN

THERE was once a miller who was almost as poor as could be, and he had a beautiful daughter. One day he came to speak to the king; and, to make the king think he was somebody of importance, he said, "I have a daughter, who can spin straw into gold." "Oh!" said the king, "one that can do that is worth something; bring her to-morrow to the palace, and I will give her some spinning to do." When the girl was brought the next day, he led her to a room full of straw, gave her a wheel and a reel, and said, "Now set to work, and if by an early hour to-morrow this straw be not spun into gold you shall die." He locked the door, and left the miller's daughter alone. The poor girl sat down, and was very melancholy; she could not for her life think what to do; for she knew not—how could she?—the way to spin straw into gold. At last she began

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to weep. All at once the door opened, and in stepped a little man and said, "Good evening, my pretty miller's daughter! what are you weeping about?" "Oh," replied the girl, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I don't know the way." The little man said, "What will you give me if I do it for you?" "My necklace," said she. He took the necklace, and sat down before the wheel, and spun on till morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the bobbins were full of gold.

The king came at sunrise, and was greatly surprised and delighted at what he saw, but it only made him more greedy to get gold. He led the miller's daughter into another and much larger room full of straw, and ordered her to spin it all in one night, if she valued her life. The poor helpless girl began to weep as soon as he was gone; but once more the door flew open and the little man appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin this straw also into gold?" "The ring off my finger," answered she. The little man took the ring, and began to spin, and by the morning all the straw was gold. The king was highly delighted when he saw it, but still he wanted more gold. So he put the girl into a still larger room, full of straw, and said, "Spin this during the night and if you do so you shall be my wife." "For," he thought, "though she is only a miller's daughter I shall not find a richer wife in all the world." As soon as the girl was alone, the little man came the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I again spin this straw for you?" "I have nothing more to give you," answered she. "Then promise," said the dwarf, "if you become queen, to give me your first-born child." "Who knows how things may turn out between now and then?" thought the girl; and really she could not help herself, so she promised the little man what he desired, and he immediately spun the straw into gold.

When the king came in the morning and saw that all had been done as he wished, he ordered the wedding to be celebrated, and

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the beautiful miller's daughter became the queen. About a year passed, and then she brought into the world a lovely baby. She

had forgotten all about the little man, but one day he walked suddenly into her room and said, "Give me what you promised." Then he queen began to grieve and to weep so bitterly that the little

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man took pity on her, and said, "I will give you three days; and if in that time you can find out my name, you shall keep the child."

The queen thought all that night over every name she could remember, and sent a messenger through the country to collect as many new names as possible. When, next day, the little man came again, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and repeated, one after another, all the names she knew or had heard of; but at each the little man said, "That is not my name." The second day she sent round again in all directions to find out more new names, and she repeated to the little man the strangest names you could imagine, such as Ribs-of-beef, and Sheep-shanks, and Whalebone, and a host more, but to each he answered, "That is not my name." The third day the messenger came back, and said, "I have not been able to find a single new name; but as I came over a high mountain, I saw a little house, and before the house a little fire was burning, and round the fire a very funny little man was dancing, and he was hopping upon one leg and crying out:—

"To-day I have brewed, and to-morrow I'll bake,
And next day the queen's little child I shall take;
Oh, how famous it is that nobody knows
That my name is Rumpelstilzchen!"

You may guess how glad the queen was at hearing this! Soon after the little man entered, and said, "Queen, what do they call me?" First she asked, "Is your name Hal?" "No." "Is your name Carl?" "No." "Are you called Rumpelstilzchen?"

"A witch has told you! a witch has told you!" shrieked the little man, and he stamped his foot in such a rage that it sank into the earth, and he could not draw it out again. When he found that, he took hold of his left foot with both hands, and pulled away so hard that he tore himself in two.

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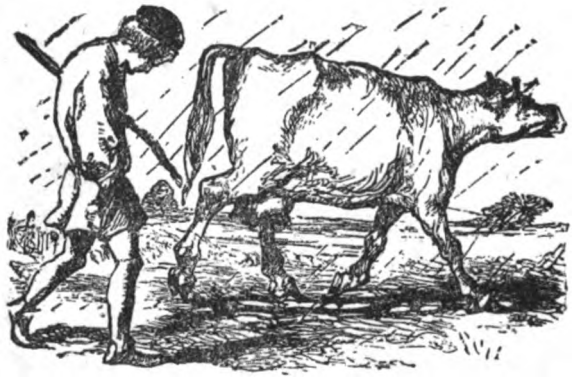
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

In the good old times, when Alfred was king, a poor widow lived in an out-of-the-way village in England. She had a son named Jack, who was really a very good boy at heart; but his mother had given him so much of his own way that he had become the idlest and most careless fellow in the whole parish. And besides being idle and careless, he was so extravagant that he had brought his mother to the very brink of poverty. At last there was not a crust



of bread left in the house. The mother went to Jack with tears in her eyes, and told him that her cow must now be sold to prevent their starving. Jack felt sorry to see her so melancholy, and promised, if she would trust him to drive the cow to the next village, that he would sell her to the best advantage. As he was going along he met a butcher who was carrying some curious-looking beans in his hat. Jack looked at the beans, and the butcher looked at the cow, and asked Jack whether he would exchange the cow for his pretty beans. "Certainly," said Jack, "I shall most be happy."

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He jumped down, took the beans, and ran back in breathless haste to his mother, expecting that she would be as much pleased as himself at what he had done. When the poor widow heard of this crowning piece of folly she was full of despair. She lifted the

beans, and flung them out in all directions; and that night both mother and son went supperless to bed.

Jack awoke early next morning, and, after he had rubbed his eyes, he saw that his window was darkened by something he had never seen there before. He ran down into the garden and found

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that some of the beans had taken root during the night, and sprung up to such a surprising height, as to form a kind of natural ladder, whose top was lost in the clouds. He immediately determined to ascend this wond.u beanstalk. "Don't go," said his mother. But I will" said Jack, and it was not long before he was climbing up.

He climbed and climbed for several hours, and was beginning to get exhausted, when at length he reached the top. There he found himself in a strange country, where not a living creature was to be seen. He now bitterly repented his disobedience in climbing the beanstalk against his mother's will, and began to fear he should die of hunger before he could get down again. All at once he saw a beautiful lady hovering over him. Whilst he was wondering at this apparition, the stranger asked him how he came there. Jack told her. The lady then asked him if he remembered his father. "No," replied he, "and when I name him to my mother she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing." "She dare not," replied the lady, "but I can and will. I am a fairy, and was a friend of your father's. He was an excellent man; but a giant, whom he had assisted in misfortune, returned his kindness by murdering him, and seizing on all his property. The ungrateful villain also made

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your mother promise that she would never tell you anything about your father; if she did, he told her, he would murder both her and you. Then he turned her off, with you in her arms, to wander about the wide world. At the time all this happened I had been deprived of my power, and so was unable to render your father any assistance, and my power only returned on the day you went to sell

your cow. It was I who made the beanstalk grow, and made you wish to climb to this strange country, for it is here the wicked giant lives who killed your father. It is you who must avenge him. I will assist you. Do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history. If you disobey me you will suffer for it." Jack asked how he was to reach the giant's house. "Go straight on," said the fairy, "and you will reach it about sunset. You must then act according to your own judgment, and I will assist you if any difficulty arises. Now farewell." She smiled kindly on Jack and vanished.

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Jack went on his way. He travelled till sunset, when he reached a large mansion. A woman was standing at the door. He went up to her, and asked her to give him a crust of bread and a night's lodging. "Alas!" said she, "I dare not, for my husband is a great giant, who eats human flesh, and is now gone out in search of some. You would not be safe for a moment in our house." Jack was frightened enough; still he begged the good woman just to take him in for that night, and to hide him as well as she could. The woman was of a kindly disposition, so she said she would do her best. She led him into a huge kitchen, where she laid a plentiful supper before him, and he was beginning to eat heartily, when a thundering rap came to the door, making the very house shake.

The giant's wife hid Jack in the oven, and flew to let her husband in. "I smell fresh meat!" said he. "Oh," answered she, "it is only the inmates of the dungeon." So he walked in grumbling and growling. He sat down, and his wife brought him his supper. When supper was over, the giant called out, "Bring me my hen!" His wife brought a hen and placed it on the table, and every time the giant said "Lay!" the hen laid a golden egg. The giant amused himself in this way for a long time, but at last he grew drowsy, and fell asleep at the table, and snored like the roaring of cannon. The wife long before this had gone to bed. At daybreak, Jack, seeing the giant still asleep, crept out of his hiding-place, and

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ran off with the hen. He ran and ran till he reached the top of the beanstalk, and he got down much better than he had expected. His mother was overjoyed at seeing him, for she had given him up as lost; and she was much surprised when Jack told her that he had brought home something which he hoped would make up for all his former idleness and folly, and produced the hen.

Both mother and son were now rich and happy, and lived most comfortably for many months. But Jack never forgot what the fairy had said, and determined to climb the beanstalk again. His mother strongly advised him against it, saying that the giant's wife would know better than to let him in, and that the giant would certainly kill him. But Jack was so set upon going, that he procured a disguise, stained his skin with walnut-juice, and started one morning almost before it was light. He climbed the beanstalk, and made his way again to the giant's house, which he reached about evening; this time also he found the giant's wife at the door. Jack made up a pitiful story to induce her to take him in for the

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night. She told him, as she had done the first time, that her husband was a great and powerful giant, and she also added that she had taken in an ungrateful young vagabond some months back, who had stolen one of the giant's treasures, ever since which he had been continually reproaching her. Jack, however, urged her so to give him a night's lodging, that at last the good woman led him into the kitchen, and, after he had done eating, hid him in a lumber-closet. The giant walked in shortly after, and exclaimed as before, "I smell fresh meat!" "Oh," said the wife, "it is only the crows, who have left a piece of raw meat on the roof of the house." So the giant grumbled a while, till his supper was served. When he had eaten his fill he called for his money-bags. Jack now peeped out of his hiding-place, and saw the wife return, dragging two heavy bags, one filled with new guineas, and the other filled with new shillings. After counting his treasure

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over and over again, the giant replaced it in the bags, and then he dropped asleep, and snored as loud as the rushing of the sea on a stormy night. At last Jack, thinking that all was safe, approached the table on tip-toe, seized the bags, and slinging them over his shoul-

der, made his way to the beanstalk, and succeeded in climbing down safely. He was grieved to find, on entering the cottage, that his mother was so ill from anxiety on his account as to be almost dying. On seeing him safe, however, she gradually recovered. Jack gave her the money-bags, and they had their cottage rebuilt and well furnished, and lived very comfortably for about three

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years, during which time the beanstalk was not even mentioned by either of them.

But Jack felt he must make another journey to the giant's house. His inclination to try his luck once more became so strong that he could not resist it. So he got ready a new disguise, and one morning, without saying a word about it to his mother, he ascended the beanstalk. He followed the same road as on the two former occasions, and again found the giant's wife at the door. This time, however, he had much more trouble to persuade her to let him in. But he succeeded at last, and was concealed in the copper. When the giant returned, he said, furiously, "I smell fresh meat!" Jack did not mind this much at first, but he began to shake in his shoes when the giant started from his seat, and began ferreting about in every corner of the kitchen, to see that there was nobody concealed anywhere. In the course of his search he even laid his hand upon the lid of the copper, and then Jack thought his death was certain. However, nothing happened; the giant did not lift the lid, for his wife called to him just then that supper was ready, and off the giant went to it. When he had finished, he ordered his wife to fetch his harp. When it was brought, the giant placed it on the table, and said "Play!" and at once, without anybody touching it, it played the most beautiful music imaginable. Jack was delighted, and felt very anxious to secure this wonderful instrument. Its sound was so sweet that it soon lulled the giant to sleep, and this time he snored like the rolling of distant thunder. As soon as the giant was asleep, Jack got out of the copper and seized the harp. But the harp was enchanted, and as soon as it found itself in Jack's hands, it cried out loudly, "Master! master!" The giant awoke, started up, and there was Jack scampering off as fast as his legs could carry him. "Oh, you young villain!" exclaimed the giant, "it is you who have robbed me of my hen, and my money-bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I'll

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eat you up alive!" But it happened that the giant had drunk so much wine at dinner, that he could not run steadily, and Jack seemed to fly like the wind, and had got a good start of his pursuer by the time they got to the beanstalk. Down the beanstalk he slid as fast as ever he could; and just as he set his feet on the ground the heavy feet of the giant appeared at the top of the ladder. Jack cried out lustily for a hatchet. His mother came running out with a big one in her hand. Not a moment was to be lost. Jack seized the hatchet and began chopping the beanstalk with all his might. He struck it—ONCE!—and the giant gave a roar of rage, and redoubled his efforts to get down in time; TWICE!!—and the beanstalk cracked and shook, and the giant stopped for an instant as it swayed to and fro; THRICE!!!—and the great stalk snapped and broke off near the ground; the

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giant tried to retain his hold, but in vain. He was like a sailor clinging to a loose rope in a tempest, blown to and fro, and round and round like an elder twig; and the giant tottered, lost his hold, and fell crashing down. He came to the ground with a fall that shook the earth, and lay there with a shattered skull—dead!

The fairy instantly appeared, and explained everything to Jack's mother, and told Jack to be a dutiful son in future, and to follow his father's example by living to do good. Jack never forgot her advice, and he and his mother lived happily to the end of their days.

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BLUE BEARD.

ONCE upon a time there lived a rich man who had a blue beard, and that made him look a terrible fright. Now it happened that a lady, who lived near him, had two beautiful daughters. Blue Beard went to the mother, and said he wanted to marry one of her daughters. But neither of the girls would have him, they were so horrified at his blue beard; besides, and this made them more afraid, he had had several wives already, and nobody knew what had become of them.

Blue Beard hoped in the end to get one of them to marry him; so he invited them, with their mother and some of their friends to one of his country seats, and they spent a whole week there. Everything went so pleasantly that, before the week was out, the youngest daughter had come to think Blue Beard rather a worthy man, and had agreed to have him. The wedding came off when they returned to town. A month passed, and then Blue Beard told his wife that he had to set off on a journey to look after some very important business. He entreated her to amuse herself as much as she could whilst he was away. "Here," he said to her, "are the keys to the two great store-rooms; these open the chests in which the gold and silver plate is kept; these are the keys of the strong boxes in which I keep my money; these open the caskets that hold my jewels; and this is the key of all the rooms. Here is a little key; it is that of the closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground floor. You may open everything, and go everywhere except into that little closet; I forbid you to go into it, and I forbid you so strictly, that, if you dare to open the door, there is nothing you may not be afraid of from my wrath." She promised she would do exactly as he wished.

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"HERE ARE THE KEYS."

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As soon as he was gone the neighbors and friends of the young wife came to visit her. They were curious to see all the treasures in the house, and they had never ventured to enter it whilst Blue Beard was there. She showed them all over the house, up-stairs and down-stairs. How they talked! and how they envied the good fortune of Blue Beard's wife, to be mistress of so many fine things! But, as for her, she was not in the least entertained by the sight of all her finery, she was so impatient to open the little closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground floor. Her curiosity at last grew so great that, without thinking how rude it was to leave her guests, she ran down a back staircase in such a hurry that twice or thrice she almost fell and broke her neck. When she got to the door of the closet, she took the little key, and slowly opened the door. At first she saw nothing, for the windows were closed; but in a little she began to perceive that the floor was covered with clotted blood and that the dead bodies of several women were hung up against the wall. These were the wives of Blue Beard, who had cut their throats one after the other. She was ready to die with fright, and the key of the closet dropped from her hand. After recovering her senses a little, she picked up the key, locked the door again, and went off to her own room, to try to compose herself, but it was of no use, she was so put about. When she looked at the key she saw that it was stained with blood; she wiped it several times, but the blood would not me off. Then she washed it: then she scrubbed it with sand and freestone; but the blood was still there: the key was an enchanted key and there was no way to get it quite clean.

Blue Beard returned that very evening; he said he had received letters on the road telling him that the business on which he was going had been settled to his advantage. Next morning he asked his wife for his keys again; she brought them to him, but her hand shook so that he had not much difficulty in guessing what had

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BLUE BEARD'S RAGE.

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happened. "How is it," said he "that the little key of the closet is not with the rest?"

"I must have left it up-stairs," she answered. "Bring it to me at once," said Blue Beard. After many excuses, she was obliged to give it up. Blue Beard examined it; then he said, "How is there some blood on this key?" "I don't know," said the poor

wife. "You don't know!" cried Blue Beard; "I know well enough; you must needs go into the closet; well, madam you shall go into it, and take your place amongst the ladies you saw there." She flung herself at her husband's feet, and wept, and most humbly begged him to pardon her. The stones would have melted for pity, but Blue Beard's heart was harder than any stone. "You must die, madam," said he "and at once." "If I must die," she cried, "give me at least a little time to say my prayers." "I

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will give a you a quarter of an hour," Blue Beard answered "but not a minute more." As soon as he had left her, she called her sister, and said to her, "Sister Anne, go up, I entreat you, to the top of the tower, and see if my brothers are not coming: they said they would come to visit me to-day, and if you see them sign to them to make haste." Sister Anne mounted to the top of the tower, and every now and then the poor anxious creature called to her, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" But Sister Anne always answered, "I see nothing but the sun making dust and the grass growing green."

In the meantime, Blue Beard, with a great sword in his hand, called out to his wife, "Come down quickly, or I will come up to you." "Give me a minute more, if you please," replied the wife, and then she said, in a low voice, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne do you see anybody coming?" And Sister Anne answered, "I see nothing but the sun making dust and the grass growing green." "Come down quickly," roared Blue Beard, "or I will come up to you." "I am coming," answered his wife, and then she said, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you not see anybody coming?" "I see," said Sister Anne, "a great cloud of dust moving this way." "Is it my brothers?" "Alas, no! my sister, I see a flock of sheep." "Will you not come down?" shouted Blue Beard. "One minute more," replied his wife, and then she cried, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you not see anybody coming?" "I see," she answered, "two horsemen coming this way; but they are still a great way off." "Thank heaven!" she exclaimed, a moment afterwards, "they are my brothers! I am making all the signs I can to hasten them." Blue Beard began to roar so loudly that the whole house shook. The poor wife went down, and threw herself, weeping and lamenting, at his feet.

"It is of no use," said Blue Beard: "you must die." He then seized her by the hair with one hand and raised his sword with

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BLUE BEARD KILLED BY HIS WIFE'S BROTHERS.

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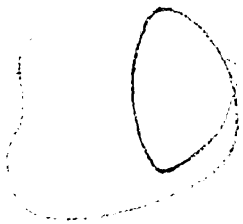
the other, and was about to cut off her head. The poor wife turned towards him, fixed her eyes on his face, and implored him to allow her one short moment to collect herself. "No, no! he said, "you have had long enough already." He prepared to strike —just at that moment there came a loud knocking at the gate. Blue Beard stopped short. The gate was opened; two horsemen entered, and, drawing their swords, rushed at Blue Beard. He recognized them as the brothers of his wife, and fled away as fast as he could. But they overtook him and killed him.

It was found that Blue Beard had no heir, so his widow became possessed of all his riches. She gave part of them to her sister Anne, who married a young gentleman who had long loved her; another part she gave to her two brothers, who had done her such service. She kept the rest to herself, and shortly after married a very worthy man, who soon made her forget her narrow escape from death by the hands of Blue Beard.



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THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR;

OR, "SEVEN AT A BLOW."

ONE summer's morning a little tailor was sitting on his bench, sewing away with all his might, and in very good spirits. A woman came past, crying, "Good preserves for sale, very cheap!" The tailor popped his little head out of the window, called the woman to him, and purchased a quarter of a pound. He then went to a cupboard, cut a slice of bread, spread the preserve upon it, and laid it down beside him. "How nicely that will taste," he thought; "but before I have a bite I shall finish this doublet." Whilst he stitched away as fast as he could, the flies on the ceiling were attracted by the preserve: they came down in swarms to settle on the bread. "Nobody invited you!" said the little tailor, and he brushed them away. The flies, however, were not to be put off, and they returned in greater numbers than before. This put the tailor in a passion: he snatched up a strip of cloth, and brought it down with such a swoop, that seven flies laid dead on the spot. "What a fellow I am," said he, "the whole town shall hear of this." And the little tailor forthwith cut a belt out for himself, and on it he worked in large letters the words "SEVEN AT A BLOW."

He put on the belt, and prepared to sally forth into the wide world, as his workshop seemed much too narrow for his bravery. Before he went he looked round to see if there was anything he should take with him, but he saw nothing but an old cheese, which he put in his pocket. After passing through the gate of the town, he perceived a bird that had got entangled in a bush, and this he caught and put into his pocket also. The road he followed

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happened to lead up a mountain, and on reaching the top he found a great giant sitting looking about him. The little tailor made up to him very boldly, and said, "Good morning, comrade." The giant looked at the tailor with the utmost contempt, and muttered, "You miserable wretch!" "Miserable wretch indeed!" replied the tailor, unbuttoning his coat, and pointing to his belt, "here you may read and see what sort of a man I am." The giant read, "Seven at a blow;" and thinking it meant seven men the tailor had killed, he began to entertain some respect for the little fellow. Still, he wished to prove him; so he picked up a stone and squeezed it till the water dropped out of it. "Do that after me," said the giant, "if you have strength enough." "Is that all?" cried the tailor, "that is child's play to me." He put his hand into his pocket, drew out the cheese, and squeezed it till the whey oozed out. "That is a little better than you," he observed. The giant did not well know what to say; so he picked up another stone, and threw it upwards to such a height that the eye could scarcely follow it. "That's a good throw," said the tailor, "but your stone will fall to the ground again. I shall throw one that will not come back." He then drew the bird from his pocket, and cast it into the air. The bird flew straight up, and of course, never returned. "What do you say to that?" asked the tailor. "You throw well, certainly," replied the giant, "but now let us see whether you are able to carry something out of the common." He led the little tailor to a large felled oak-tree and bade him carry it out of the forest if he was strong enough. "Willingly," said the little man; "do you but place the trunk on your shoulders and I will lift up the branches, which are the heavier of the two." The giant accordingly shouldered the trunk of the tree, but the tailor perched himself snugly on one of the branches. His giant companion could not very well look round, so he was tricked into carrying not only the whole tree, but the little tailor into the

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bargain. After he had gone a few steps the giant could bear the weight no longer, and let fall the tree. The tailor jumped nimbly down, and pretended to be holding the branches, and laughed at the giant for being unable to carry a tree, though he was such a big fellow.

"Since you are so brave," said the giant, "come and spend the night in our cave." The little tailor said he would be glad to do so, and soon they reached the cave, where they found several other giants sitting by a great fire. The giant pointed to a bed, and told the tailor he might lie down there and sleep till morning. But the bed was so big, that the little man got out of it, and crept into a corner of the cave. About midnight, when the giant thought he must be fast asleep, he took an iron club and shivered the bed at a single blow, thinking, "Now I have made an end of that little grasshopper!" The next morning, when the giants went out into the forest, and had forgotten all about the little tailor, he came to them looking as bold as ever. The giants were frightened, and, thinking he would kill them all, they took to their heels as fast as they could.

As for the tailor, he wandered on, and after a time reached a royal palace. He felt tired, so he stretched himself on the grass before the gate, and fell asleep. Some persons happened to see him lying there, and read "Seven at a blow" on his belt. "Oh," said they, "this must surely be a mighty warrior;" and they ran to tell the king of his arrival, observing that it would be well to secure the services of such a man in case a war were to break out. The king therefore sent one of his courtiers to be ready to ask the stranger to enter the army as soon as he should awake. The tailor wakened: the courtier delivered his message. Then the tailor said, "I came here with the express intention of offering my services to the king." He was accordingly received with great honor.

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THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR AT THE PALACE GATE.

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But the soldiers became jealous of the little tailor; so they went to the king and begged to be dismissed. "If this man is to kill seven at a blow," they said, "there will be nothing left for us to do." Now the king could not bear the idea of losing all his faithful soldiers, yet he did not dar to send away the stranger. At last, after a good deal of deliberation, he sent for the tailor, and told him that, as he was such a hero, he wished to ask a favor of him. "In a neighboring forest," he said, "are a couple of savage giants. Now, if you will rid the land of these monsters, I shall give you my only daughter in marriage, and half of my kingdom for a dowry. A hundred horse soldiers also will accompany you, to give you what help they can." The little tailor replied that he would soon tame the giants, and that he needed no help, for that he who could kill seven at a blow was not afraid of two.

He then set out, followed by the hundred horse soldiers; but, on reaching the forest, he told them to wait till he came back, as he meant to encounter the giants alone. He then entered the thicket, and soon found the two giants snoring under a tree. Our tailor lost no time in filling his pocket with stones: he then climbed up the tree and hid himself among its branches. He let fall several stones, one after another, right on the breast of one of the giants. The giant awoke, pushed his companion, and asked him why he beat him. "You are dreaming," said the other; "I didn't touch you." They lay down to sleep again, when the tailor threw a stone that hit the other giant. "What are you flinging stones at me for?" said he. "Indeed, *you* are dreaming," said the first giant. After quarrelling for a few minutes they fell asleep again. The tailor then chose a very big stone, and hurled it at the first giant. "That is too bad," cried he, rising in a fury, and striking his companion. The latter paid him back in the same coin; and soon they fought in such a rage, that they tore up trees, and never ceased

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laboring each other, till they both lay dead on the ground. The tailor now came down, and, drawing his sword, plunged it alternately into the breast of each of the dead giants; then he returned to the horse soldiers, and told them he had overcome the

giants. The soldiers, however, would not believe him, till they had ridden into the forest, and seen the giants lying in their blood and surrounded by the uprooted trees.

The king, after he had got rid of his enemies, repented of his

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promise to give up half of his kingdom to the stranger. So he said, "Your work is not yet ended. In the forest a unicorn runs wild and commits great havoc, and you must catch it." "I fear less for a unicorn than I do for two giants! 'Seven at a blow!' that is my motto!" said the tailor. He took with him a rope and an axe, and went away to the forest, telling those who were ordered to accompany him to wait on the outskirts. The unicorn soon appeared, and made ready to rush at him. The tailor saw that: he waited till the animal was close upon him, and then sprang nimbly behind a tree. The unicorn rushed with all its force against the tree, and fixed its horn so fast in the trunk, that it could not draw it out again. "Now I have caught you," said the tailor. He came from behind the tree, bound the rope round its neck, and cut the horn out of the tree. Then he led the animal before the king.

The king, however, would not yet give up his daughter and half of his kingdom. So he made a third request, that the tailor should catch a wild boar which did much injury. "With pleasure," was the reply; "it is a task not worth speaking about." The huntsmen were to help him; he left them behind, however. As soon as the boar saw the tailor, it ran at him, but our hero sprang into a little house which was near, and in a twinkling jumped out again at a window on the other side. The boar ran after him, but he, skipping round, shut the door behind it, and there the raging beast was caught, for it was much too clumsy and heavy to jump out of the window. The tailor then presented himself before the king, who was compelled now, whether he would or not, to keep his promise, and give up his daughter and the half of his kingdom.

Soon afterwards the young queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, "Boy, make me a waistcoat, or I will lay the yard measure about your ears!" Then she saw that he had been a tailor, and she complained in the morning to her father, and begged that he would deliver her from her husband, who was of

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such low origin. The king comforted her by saying, 'To-night leave your room-door open, my servants will stand without, and when he is asleep they will enter, bind him, and bear him away to a ship, which will carry him forth into the wide world." "That will do very well," said the wife. But her husband's armor-bearer, who had overheard all, went to him, and disclosed the whole plot. "It is a small matter to me," said the brave tailor. In the evening, when his wife believed that he slept, she got up, opened the door, and lay down again. The tailor, however, only pretended to be asleep, and began to exclaim in a loud voice, "Boy, make me this waistcoat, or I shall beat the yard-measure about your ears! Seven have I killed at a blow, two giants have I slain, a unicorn have I led captive, and a wild boar have I caught, and shall I be afraid of those who stand outside my chamber-door?" When the men heard these words, they were in a great state of fright, and ran away; neither afterwards did any man dare to oppose him. Thus the tailor became a king, and so he remained for the rest of his days.

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LITTLE BO-PEEP, THE SHEPHERDESS.

Little Bo-peep she lost her sheep,
And didn't know where to find them:
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them!"

So sings the Nursery ballad. A very sweet and charming creature was Bittle Bo-peep. Such a fresh, healthy girl with long

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silken curls and laughing blue eyes! Her cheeks were round and full, with a bloom on them such as is seen nowhere else than on the lovely peach.

On her plump arms and on her long taper fingers, there was the rose-blush of beauty! Her teeth were whiter than the plumage of the swan; and when she spoke her voice was so low, yet full of music, that it was like nothing in the world so much as the tinkling of the sweetest silver bell! She was altogether a most lovely little maiden, and a more beautiful Shepherdess never yet tended Sheep.

But, though Little Bo-peep was as good as she was fair to look upon, she was sometimes made very sad by the ill-fortune that even such gentle creatures as herself may sometimes meet with. Once when, as the ballad tells us, she lost her Sheep, she was very doleful indeed. And this is how it was. One summer evening,

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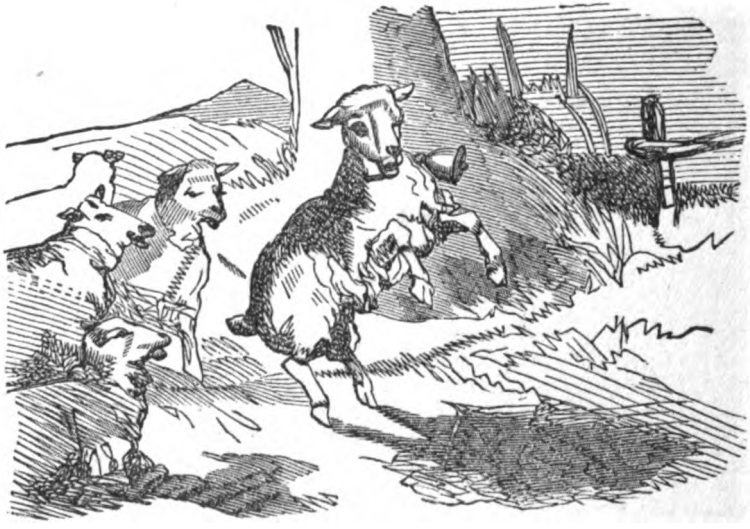

when the sun was setting, and the sky was all green and gold Little Bo-peep, who had to get out of bed very early in the morning, feeling tired, sat herself down on a bank covered with roses. Being very weary, she soon fell fast asleep. Now the Bell-wether of Bo-peep's flock was a most stupid and stubborn fellow. You have heard, I have no doubt, that all the Sheep in a flock will follow the Bell-wether; perhaps you also know that he always wears a bell tied round his neck. It was a great pity; but the Bell-wether, or leader of Bo-peep's flock, was very wild and much given to wander through brake and briar, and far off into the wood, where of course the rest of the Sheep would follow him.

Finding Little Bo-peep asleep, the naughty fellow began to

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dance madly. He commenced by standing on his hind legs, and making a great bow to his shadow before him on the grass. After which he whirled himself round and round like a top, shak- his head all the time, and ringing his bell!

Very soon the rest of the flock began to dance and caper like- wise. And, when they had for a time wheeled and circled round their leader, they ran off after him with a bound into the wood. Away, away they went through hedge and ditch, and over green meadow, till quite tired out; then they came to a standstill, staring at the leader with very solemn faces. But the Bell- weather looked very stupid now, and did nothing but shake his head slowly and ring his bell, which seemed to say quite clearly, "You are lost, you are lost!"

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Night was coming on, too, and they were in that part of the wood where Puck and his fellow Elves sported in the moonbeams. They laid themselves down on the grass to sleep. But soon that lover of mischief, Puck, came to plague them. When he saw them going to sleep, he ran from one to the other, tickling their ears with his willow wand till they awoke. Then he jumped on

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the back of the stupid Bell-wether, and beat him till he raced round and round in a circle; while he sat on his back like a jockey, grinning all the time and blowing his trumpet made of a rose petal

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When Little Bo-peep awoke, she found her Sheep gone, where she could not tell. Hardly knowing what she did, or which way she was going, she went towards the wood. She walked on and on far into the wood. It was getting late, too; the sun had gone down, till there was no sign of the lost Sheep. Presently she met some people; they had hoes and rakes in their hands, and looked honest working men, so she was not afraid to speak to them. She asked them whether they had seen her Sheep. One of the

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countrymen laughed, and said he had seen some Sheep, but he could neither tell where or when he had seen them; he could only say "he had seen some Sheep." Another took off his cap and scratched his head, and said he didn't know that he might have seen some Sheep, but he didn't know; the Sheep might have gone down the dark lane for anything

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he knew. While a third only stared stupidly at her. It was clear she could learn nothing from them, and she went on her way with the tears starting from her eyes. Again she met a countryman, and again she asked whether he had seen her lost Sheep. This fellow was not only stupid, but surly and cross. He said she was a very naughty girl not to watch her Sheep better, and that if she was a girl of his he knew how he would serve her. She ought to be sent to bed for a month and fed on bread and water, he said; that would cure her of going to sleep when she ought to keep awake: but he would give her a lesson she would not forget; with this he raised his stick to strike her, as he said, for asking him questions. Poor Bo-peep she ran away in great alarm. She had not gone very far when she came to a stile, seated on which was an old Raven, who looked so very wise that Little Bo-peep asked it whether it had seen her flock of Sheep, but the bird only nodded its head,

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and cried "Caw, caw, caw." "O good, dear Raven!" said Bo-peep, "do tell me plainly; for the night is coming on, and where shall I get shelter if I do not find my Sheep in time to get home before dark?"

"Across the fields, my little maiden," croaked the bird; "across the fields." So across the fields went poor Little Bo-peep, but no Sheep could she see. She wandered on till it was nightfall; where could she rest? where find food? for she was

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weary and faint with hunger. How great was her joy when she saw before her a light! As she went towards it she saw that it shone from a cottage window; but when she came to the door, there was something so black about the place that she was afraid to knock. The cottage was long, with a low dark roof, and perched on it was the black Raven that had sent her "across the

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fields." Hungry and weary as she was, she dared not seek shelter in such a place; and she was about to run away when the door opened, and a most disagreeable-looking old woman came out, asking her in a cracked, harsh voice what she wanted. Before Bo-peep could reply, the old woman hobbled forward, and clutching her by the arm, dragged her into the cottage. She made a sign to her to take a seat by the fire. The room was filled with smoke from burning wood, and it was some time before Bo-peep could see clearly. When she did do so, her fears were not calmed by the sight of a fat, ugly-looking youth, who was blowing the burning log with his mouth. He had a large round face, and red hair which stuck through a hole in his cap like a bunch of copper wire. Turning round and casting his gray eyes on Bo-peep, he

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asked, "Mother, whom has thou brought?" "I have brought a pretty damsel to help thee to bake the cakes and to be thy wife!" the old woman answered, grinning in Bo-peep's face. The poor Shepherdess was too much frightened to eat; and every time the horrid pair looked at her she felt her heart knock against her breast as though it would burst. The ugly son was seated by her side, and asked when she would be his wife.

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Poor Bo-peep thought only of the way to escape from these naughty people. The old woman, who was crouched down in a dark corner, seemed to guess what was passing in her mind, and watched her attentively. So they sat for some time,—oh, what a

long time it seemed to poor Little Bo-peep! Then the son stretched himself on the ground and fell asleep, snoring loudly. The old woman too, had drawn her hood over her head and slept likewise. Bo-peep jumped up and ran to the door; but,

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alas! in lifting the latch, she made a slight noise, and before she could get through the door the old woman had caught her by her hair, and began to beat her with a stick. The cruel old woman and her son then bound her to a tree outside the cottage, and told

her she must remain there till the morning. The little Shepherdess now gave herself up for lost, and she began to cry. But after some time she heard a strange noise in the tree over her head. "Tu-whit, tu-whoo!" Looking up, she saw an Owl, which, when it saw her face, began flapping its wings as if in joy

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Great was her surprise when the Owl came down from the branches and began pecking with its strong beak at the cord, which after some time, it cut quite through. And so Bo-peep found herself free again. The Owl then flew along before her, looking back every instant as if to see that she was following.

Bo-peep had been too much frightened and ill-used not to follow any one who seemed disposed to be friendly. She did not dare to look back until she had gone some distance, when entering a small wood where she could see and not be seen, she looked towards the old woman's cottage, and saw the youth go towards the tree to which they had bound her. He looked very valiant, as if he thought he had caught a prize at last; but when he came near the tree, and saw that Little Bo-peep had made her escape, he began to cry like a great baby. He made such a great noise that he disturbed a hive of Bees, who came buzzing round; and seeing in him an enemy who often teased them, they took the opportunity when he was off his guard to have their revenge by tickling his face and ears with their stings, so as to make him dance and scream; he tried to drive them away, but this only made them sting him the more. He had earned this punishment by his naughty tricks; for people cannot do wicked acts without bringing on

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themselves shame and very often pain. Bo-peep thought this as she went on, keeping as close as she could to the Owl. When they had gone some distance the Owl stopped before a cottage, but not like the one where the old woman lived. The door was open; upon the table were some nice grapes, white bread and a flask of red wine. The Owl took its station at the head of the table, and nodded to Bo-peep to take her seat on a stool by its side. How great was Bo-peep's wonder when the Owl began to talk and told her this story.

"Know, dear maiden, that I am the daughter of a King, and was once a lovely Princess. One day having strayed away from my servants,

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I lost myself in this wood. Weary and faint, I came to the cottage of the old woman from whom I have just set you free. She beat me, forced me to toil, and wanted me to marry her son. I would not; and the old woman, out of revenge, changed

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me into an Owl. But I have heard the Fairies who dwell in this wood say that one day a lovely maiden, who would come into this wood in search of her lost Sheep, should be the means of my gaining my own form again! You are that pretty maid, and I will tell you how it will happen. I will take you to a spot a short distance from here, where you will find your Sheep, but every one without a tail. The Elves and tiny Sprites will disport with them for this night, yet in the morning every Sheep will have its tail again, all except the stupid Bell-wether. His tail you will find hid by Puck in a tree. If you will wave this tail three times over my head in the moonbeams, I shall resume my shape again, and I will reward you, for my father is a King, as I have told you."

Bo-peep could not answer for surprise; and the Owl flying off, she followed again into the wood. After a time they came to a large bare place, around which was a circle of trees. On one of the trees the Owl perched itself, and Bo-peep seated herself down on a bank covered with wild thyme and roses. Bo-peep could see nothing on the grass but the shadow of the trees in the moonbeams. The Owl said, "Sleep, maiden; you will know the rest before morning, I will watch."

How long Bo-peep was asleep she could not tell; but suddenly she saw the charmed spot lit up by all sorts of lights,—the glow-worms among the rest.

Seated on a piece of raised ground was a most beautiful Fairy with bright butterfly wings, and a dress that shone brightly with stars. Around her were many attendant Fairies. Presently one stepped forward, and going down on her knees said, "Most Gracious Queen, certain stray Sheep having entered your fairy domain, on inquiry we find that they have wickedly strayed from their good mistress, Little Bo-peep; and she is one of the very

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best of Shep erdesses. We hope that you will permit your Fairies to punish them in such a way as they may deserve. Then the Queen ordered the Herald to proclaim to her people that amongst their other sports for the evening, they were to cut the tails of each of the Sheep, to tickle their ears, and tease them in such a way

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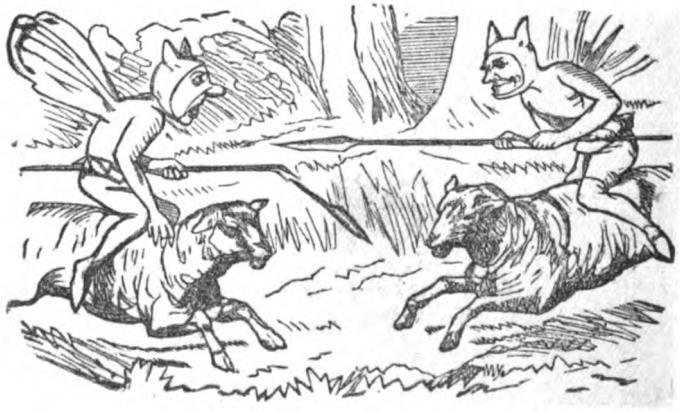
as their naughty conduct deserved (for if Sheep do naughty acts they must be punished the same as little boys and girls). The Herald had no sooner read the Queen's message then their sports began.

Then her flock of Sheep came trooping into the place, and on every sheep there was an Elf, who held in his hand a Sheep's tail! Puck was sitting astride the Bell-wether, with its tail in one hand, and in the other a willow wand. Two Elves with bulrushes, which they used like lances, were running full tilt at each other! When they came close, the sheep butted against each other's heads, while the Elves plunged the pointed ends of their lances into the poor



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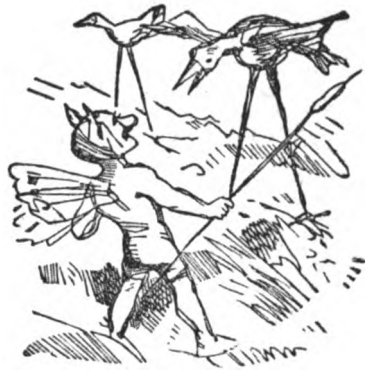

Sheep's ears, which caused them to fight with greater fury. Then the Elves began to chase each other round the circle, urging the Sheep into the greatest speed by beating them with their own tails! One tiny little fellow was attacking two long-legged Storks, one of which looked as if he would like to have a bit of the little man's nose: this the little Fairy did not seem to care about, and boldly defended himself with a long bulrush. Now a group of these little creatures were dancing on some leaves. They capered

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about so as to shake down some dew; and a funny little Fairy pretending it was a shower of rain, pulling up a mushroom, which he held over his head as an umbrella. A regiment of the tiny Spirits were fighting a large snail; a party were playing foot-ball with a large dew-drop; some were blowing trumpets made of rose petals; while others were

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drinking dew out of acorn-cups. One little Fairy kept running about shaking the leaves and catching the dew-drops in his mouth; and great numbers were busy making helmets and girdles for themselves out of the petals of flowers. One very merry-looking little Fairy, with a gay feather in his hat, and a long blade of grass in his hand, which he held like a sceptre, sat on the back of a frog, now looking very grand, as if he thought himself a very great Fairy. When he had made his frog caper and jump three times round the Fairy ring, he began singing,—

"Little Bo-peep she lost her sheep,
And didn't know where to find them:
Let them alone, they'll *follow you home*,
And bring their tails behind them!"

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When he had sung this over several times, a beautiful creature with a star on her forehead appeared in the circle. She waved her hand thrice. As she did so, the mad sport ceased; every Elf, with one quick motion of his tiny hand, restored the tail to each Sheep. Bo-peep watched Puck closely, and saw him put the Bell-wether's tail in a hole in an old tree, just as the Owl had said.

Shortly after, every Fairy and Elf had gone; and, when she

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started up from the couch, she saw nothing but her lost Sheep, all of them being asleep in the moonbeams. Bo-peep thought she had been dreaming, when looking up, she saw the Owl flapping its wings, as if anxious that she should perform what it had asked of her. Bo-peep went up to the tree where Puck had left the tail, and, lo! there it was. The owl flapped its wings with great glee as it saw the tail in Bo-peep's hands.

Then it flew down to her feet, when Bo-peep, waving the tail

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three times over its head, up started the most charming lady and the sweetest Princess she had ever seen.

The Princess promised that as Bo-peep had delivered her from the power of the old woman she would have a beautiful cottage built for her, and that she would be her friend for the rest of her life; for those who do good should always be rewarded.

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Bo-peep found all her Sheep; and, except the stupid Bell-wether, each had its tail behind it. They all followed her home in the most obedient manner; and never after strayed into the woods without the consent of their mistress. They found it much more comfortable to stay at home and sleep in the nice warm shed that had been made for them, than to run away without leave, and so find themselves in a strange place, where no one cared for them. They never forgot the lesson the Fairies had taught them, that it was very wrong to annoy so kind and good a mistress as Little Bo-peep.

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LITTLE SNOWDROP.

ONG, long ago, in the depth of winter, a queen sat and sewed at a window set in an ebony frame; and she pricked her finger with her needle, and three drops of blood fell on the snow. Now the red looked so beautiful on the white that she thought, "Oh, that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of this frame!" Soon afterwards she had a little daughter who was as white as snow, and as red as blood, and whose hair was as black as ebony; and when the child was born the queen died.

After a year had passed the king took another wife. She was handsome enough, but she was proud and haughty, and could not endure that any one should be better-looking than herself. She had a wonderful mirror, and whenever she walked up to it and said,

"Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

the mirror answered

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
You are the fairest of them all."

And she was satisfied, for she knew that the mirror always told the truth.

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But Snowdrop grew every day taller and fairer, and at seven years old she became more beautiful than the queen. So once when the queen asked her mirror which was the fairest, it replied,

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Snowdrop is fairest of you all."

Then the queen turned yellow and green with envy. From that hour she so hated Snowdrop that she had no rest day or night. At last she called a huntsman, and said, "Take the child out into the forest, and kill her and bring me her heart as a token that she is really dead."

The huntsman led the child away into the wood, but when he was about to slay the innocent Snowdrop, she began to weep, and said, "Oh, dear huntsman, spare my life, and I will run deep into the forest, and never come home again!" The huntsman took pity on her, because she looked so lovely, and said, "Run away then, poor child!" And he thought to himself, "The wild beasts will soon make an end of her." A little bear came by just then; he killed it, took out its heart, and carried it as a token to the queen. The poor child was now all alone in the great forest, and she felt frightened. She ran along as fast as her feet could carry her, and when it was growing dark she saw a little house, and went into it to rest herself. Everything in the house was very small, but clean and neat. There stood a little table, covered with a white table-cloth. On it were seven little plates (each little plate with its own little spoon), also seven little knives and forks, and seven little cups. Round the walls were seven little beds close together, with sheets as white as snow. Snowdrop being both hungry and thirsty, ate a little of the vegetables and a little of the bread on each plate, and drank a drop of wine from each cup, for she did not like to empty any one entirely. Then, as she was very tired, she laid herself down on one bed, but it did not suit; she tried

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another, but that was too long; another was too short, another was too hard, but the seventh was just right, so there she stayed, said her prayers, and fell asleep.

When it was quite dark, home came the masters of the house. They were seven dwarfs, who dug for iron and gold among the mountains. They lighted their seven candles, and as soon as there was a light in the kitchen, they saw that some one had been there, for it was not in such good order as when they had left it. The first asked, "Who has been sitting on my stool?" The second, "Who has eaten off my plate?" The third, "Who has taken part of my loaf?" The fourth, "Who has touched my vegetables?" The fifth, "Who has used my fork?" The sixth, "who has cut with my knife?" The seventh, "Who has drunk out of my little cup?" Then the first dwarf looked about, and saw that there was a slight hollow in his bed, so he cried out, "Who has been lying in my little bed?" The others came running, and each one said, "some one has also been lying in my bed." But the seventh, when he looked in his bed, saw Snowdrop there, fast asleep. He called the others, who fetched their candles, and cast the light on Snowdrop. "Oh!" they cried, "what a lovely child!" And they were so pleased, that they would not wake her, but let her sleep on in the little bed. The seventh dwarf slept with all his companions, an hour with each, and so they passed the night. When it was morning, Snowdrop woke up, and was terrified when she saw the seven dwarfs. They were very kind, however, and asked her name. "Snowdrop," answered she. "How have you found your way to our house?" said the dwarfs. She told them exactly how it was. Then the dwarfs said, "If you will look after our house, cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, and keep all neat and clean, you can stay with us, and you will want for nothing." "I shall keep your house very willingly" said Snowdrop. So she staved with them.

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Every morning the dwarfs went out among the mountains to dig for iron and gold, and came home ready for supper in the evening. Our little Snowdrop was thus left alone all day; so the good dwarfs warned her, saying, "Beware of your wicked step-mother, who will soon find out that you are here. take care to let nobody in."

We now go on to tell about the step-mother, who had no doubt now that she was again the fairest woman in the world. She walked up to the mirror, and said,

"Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

The mirror replied,

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
Here you fairer are than all;
But over the hills with the dwarfs so old,
Little Snowdrop is fairer a thousand-fold."

She felt sure now that the huntsman had deceived her, and that Snowdrop was still alive. She pondered once more, late and early, how best to kill Snowdrop. When she had planned what to do, she painted her face, and disguised herself as an old pedler-woman. She then went over the hills to where the seven dwarfs dwelt, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good wares, cheap! very cheap!" Snowdrop looked out of the window, and said, "Good morning, good woman: what have you to sell?" "Good wares, very cheap!" answered the queen; "bodice-laces of all colors," and she drew out one which was woven of colored silk. "I may surely let this honest dame in!" thought Snowdrop, so she unfastened the door, and bought for herself the pretty lace. "Child," said the old woman, "what a figure you are! let me lace you for once properly." Snowdrop feared no harm, so she stepped in front of her and allowed her bodice to be fastened up with the new lace. But

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the old woman laced so quick and laced so tight, that Snowdrop's breath was stopped, and she fell down as if dead. 'Now I am fairest at last," said the queen to herself, and hurried away.

The seven dwarfs came home soon after, and found their poor Snowdrop lifeless on the ground! Seeing that she was too tightly laced, they cut the lace of her bodice, and she slowly returned to life.

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The cruel step-mother walked up to her mirror when she reached home, and said,

"Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

To which it answered just as it had done the last time. At this she was so alarmed that she turned as white as a sheet, for she saw that Snowdrop was still alive. "Now," said she, "I must think of some means that will certainly make an end of her;" and she made a poisoned comb. Then she changed her dress, and took the shape of another old woman. Again she crossed the hills to the home of the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good wares, very cheap!" Snowdrop looked out, and said, "Go away! I dare not let any one in." "You may surely be allowed to look," answered the old woman, and she drew out the poisoned comb, and held it up. The girl was so pleased with it that she opened the door. When the bargain was struck, the dame said, "Now let me dress your hair properly for once." Poor Snowdrop let the old woman begin, and the comb had scarcely touched her hair before the poison worked, and she fell down senseless. "Oh, you matchless beauty!" said the wicked woman, "all is over with you now!" Then she returned home.

Luckily it was near evening, and the seven dwarfs soon came back. When they found Snowdrop lifeless on the ground, they at once suspected that her step-mother had been there. They searched and found the poisoned comb; and as soon as they had drawn it out, Snowdrop came to herself, and told them what had happened. They warned her to be careful, and open the door to no one.

The queen placed herself before the mirror at home, and said

"Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

But it answered just as it had done the last two times. She quiv

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ered now with rage, and went off to a secret room, and made an apple of deadly poison. When the apple was ready, she painted her face, disguised herself as a peasant woman, and journeyed over the hills to where the seven dwarfs lived. When she knocked, Snowdrop put her head out of the window, and said, "I cannot open the door to anybody, for the seven dwarfs have forbidden me to do so." "Very well," replied the peasant woman, "I only want to be rid of my apples. Here, I will give you one of them." "No," said Snowdrop, "I dare not take it it." "Are you afraid of being poisoned?" asked the old woman. "Look here, I shall cut the apple in two, and you will eat the rosy side, and I the white." Now the fruit was so cunningly made that only the rosy side was poisoned. Snowdrop longed for the pretty apple; and when she saw the peasant woman eating it, she could resist the temptation no longer, but stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. She had scarcely tasted it, when she fell lifeless to the ground. The queen laughed loudly, and cried, "Oh, you who are white as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony, the seven dwarfs cannot waken you this time!" And when she asked the mirror at home

"Little glass, upon the wall,
Who if fairest of us all?"

the mirror at last replied,

"Lady queen, so grand and tall,
You are fairest of them all."

When the dwarfs came home in the evening, they found Snowdrop lying breathless and motionless. They lifted her up, and did every thing they could to bring their darling back to life; but all was useless. They laid her then on a bier, and the seven placed

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THE DWARFS' GRIEF AT LITTLE SNOWDROP'S DEATH.

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themselves round it, and mourned for her for three long days. They would have buried her afterwards, but that she still looked so life-like, and had such lovely red cheeks. "We cannot lower her into the dark earth," said they. So they caused a transparent coffin of glass to be made, and laid her in it, writing outside, in gold letters, her name, and that she was the daughter of a king. Then they placed the coffin on the top of a mountain, and one of them always stayed by it and guarded it.

Snowdrop lay in her coffin unchanged for many years, looking as though asleep. At last, a prince happened to wander in the forest, and came to the dwarfs' house for a night's shelter. He saw the coffin on the top of the mountain, with the beautiful Snowdrop in it, and read what was written in gold letters. Then he said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin. I entreat you to give it me. I cannot live without seeing Snowdrop, and, though she is dead, I shall prize and honor her as if she were alive." Then the dwarfs took pity on him, and gave him the coffin. The prince had it borne away by his servants. Now, as they carried it off, they chanced to stumble over the root of a tree, and the shock forced the bit of poisoned apple, which Snowdrop had tasted out of her throat. Immediately she opened her eyes, raised the coffin-lid, and sat up alive once more. "Where am I?" she cried. The prince answered joyfully, "You are with me;" and he told her all that had happened, and ended by saying, "I love you more dearly than anything else in the world. Come with me to my father's palace, and be my wife." Snowdrop, well pleased, went with him, and the two were married in great state.

By chance the wicked step-mother was invited to the wedding. Richly dressed, she stood before the mirror and asked,

"Little glass, upon the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?"

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The mirror answered,

> "Lady queen, so grand and tall,
> Here you fairer are than all;
> But the youthful queen, o'er the mountains old,
> Is fairer than you are a thousand-fold."

The evil-hearted woman, at these words, could scarcely contain her rage. At first she resolved not to go to the wedding, but curiosity would not let her rest. She determined to go and see who that young queen was who was so beautiful. When she came and found it was Snowdrop alive again, she stood petrified with terror and amazement. Then two iron shoes, heated burning hot, were drawn out of the fire with a pair of tongs, and laid before her feet. She was forced to put them on, and to go and dance at Snowdrop's wedding, and she danced in these red hot shoes, till she fell down dead.

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THE WHITE CAT.

THERE was once a great king, and he took it into his head as he grew old that his three sons wished to deprive him of his throne. So he thought it would be prudent to employ them in such a way as to make them think they might obtain the crown, and at the same time keep it as long as possible to himself. He summoned them one day to his cabinet, and said, "My great age keeps me

from attending to state affairs so closely as I used to do. I wish, therefore, to place the crown on the head of whichever of you will bring me the prettiest little dog to amuse myself with when I have retired from public life." The sons thought their father's fancy rather an odd one, but there was nothing for it but to give in to his wishes. The king gave them plenty of money for their journey, and bade them return at the end of a year. They sat off, and each of the three princes took a different road, after agreeing to meet on a particular spot that day twelvemonth.

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This story only tells of the adventures of the youngest brother, who was by far the most amiable as well as the handsomest of the three. After rather more than a week he reached a forest, just as night was setting in, and there he was overta en by a violent storm. After wandering for some hours he perceived a light, and it guided him to a most splendid palace. The prince immediately rang the bell. In a few moments the door flew open, yet he saw nothing but a dozen hands in the air, each holding a taper. So strange a sight made him half hesitate to enter, and he laid his hand on his sword as he crossed the hall. When about the centre of the hall he heard some sweet voices singing,

"Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Love and mirth await you here;
You shall break a magic spell
That upon a princess fell."

The prince now advanced with more confidence, wondering what these words meant. He felt himself gently pushed by invisible hands towards a coral door, which opened at his approach. He passed through several splendid rooms. At last the hands stopped him: an arm-chair placed itself of its own accord near the fireplace, and the hands took off his wet clothes and replaced them by rich garments of gold. They next led him into a magnificent dining-room, where a table was laid for two persons. The prince was wondering who was to sup with him, when in walked a little figure about a foot and a half high, covered with a deep black veil, and supported by two cats in deep mourning. On removing her veil the little figure turned out to be a very fine white cat. She bade the prince welcome in the choicest language, and with the most gracious air. Supper was then served, and whilst they were at table, the prince observed that the white cat wore a miniature fastened to one of her paws. He asked leave to look at it, and

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was not a little amazed to see the portrait of a handsome young man, as like himself as it could look. He would fain have questioned the white cat on this strange circumstance, but the subject appeared a painful one, so he dropped it.

At last she wished him good-night, and the hands which had helped him before led him to an elegant bed-chamber. Early in the morning the prince was awakened by a confused noise, and on looking out the window he saw about five hundred cats, some winding the horn and others leading out the hounds ready for the chase. He went into the courtyard, and there the hands presented him with a richly caparisoned wooden horse, that galloped to perfection. The white cat was mounted on a very fine monkey. Never was such a curious hunt seen.

The prince led such a happy life in his new quarters, that he forgot both his family and his country, and a whole year had nearly flown away unheeded, when the white cat reminded him that he had only three days left to find the little dog for his father. The prince now blamed his own negligence, but said it was quite hopeless to repair it, for how could he either find a dog or return home —a distance of nearly a thousand miles—in three days' time? "Keep your mind easy," said the white cat, "the wooden horse will carry you thither in less than twelve hours; and as for the dog, inside this acorn is one more beautiful than any you have ever seen." The prince thought at first that the white cat must be jesting, but holding the acorn to his ear he heard a little faint bow-wow, that convinced him of the truth of what she said. He thanked her a thousand times; and two days after he set out for his father's kingdom.

On reaching the place of meeting, our prince was soon joined by his two brothers. He showed them a shabby turnspit, which he declared could not fail to please the king, and he never said a word about his adventures in the forest. The two elder brothers, there-

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fore felt sure that the crown would fall to one of them. The dogs which they brought were so equally beautiful that the king was quite at a loss to decide between them; the youngest then opened his acorn, and out of it came the most exquisite little dog imaginable, which could easily go through a ring without even touching it. The king was now sorely puzzled, but, as he liked less than ever to part with his crown, he told his sons that he was so pleased with the pains they had taken to meet his wishes, that he could not resist putting them to one more trial before he fulfilled his promise. He therefore begged they would take another year in order to procure a piece of cambric fine enough to be drawn through the eye of a small needle. The three brothers thought it rather hard that they should have to set out on a second expedition, but they were obliged to comply.

The two eldest took different roads and the youngest mounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat. The white cat met him when he entered the hall, and expressed great joy at his return. He told her all that had passed, and what his father's new command was. "Do not concern yourself," she said; "some of the cats in my palace are very clever at making such cambric as you require."

The second year flew away as quickly as the first; and when it was time for the prince to go, the white cat gave him a walnut, which she told him not to crack till he was in the presence of the king. He reached his father's palace just as his two brothers were exhibiting their pieces of cambric, which were fine enough to go through the eye of a large needle, but which the king contended would not go through the eye of the particular needle mentioned when they set out. Our prince entered, and opening a box inlaid with jewels, drew forth a walnut, which he cracked, expecting to see the piece of cambric, but instead of it he found a nut. This he broke, and was disappointed on finding that it contained a cherry-

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stone. The prince, however, broke the cherry-stone, which was filled by a kernel; in the kernel was a grain of wheat; and in the grain of wheat was a millet seed. The prince now could not help muttering, "White cat, white cat, you have deceived me!" At this instant he felt a scratch upon his hand. He now took courage, and opened the millet seed, and, to the astonishment of everybody, drew forth a piece of cambric four hundred yards long, which would pass through the smallest needle with as much ease as the finest thread. The king was very sorry at the prince's success, and said, with a sigh, "My children, nothing can give me greater pleasure than the deference you pay to my wishes; do not wonder, therefore, if I require one more proof of your obedience. Whichever of you at the end of another twelvemonth will bring back the most beautiful princess, shall marry her, and obtain my crown, and I promise that this is the last expedition I shall ask you to undertake."

The brothers again set out, and the youngest returned at once to the palace of the white cat. Everything went on as before, till about the end of another year. When only one day of it remained, the white cat said, "It depends, prince, solely on yourself whether you will take to your father's court the most beautiful princess in the world. You have only to cut off my head and tail and throw them into the fire." "What!" cried the prince, "how could I be so barbarous as to kill one whom I love so much!" But the white cat told him so often that he could do her no greater service, that at length he drew his sword with a trembling hand, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. Immediately, to his great joy and surprise, she was changed into the most beautiful princess you ever saw. He gazed upon her with wonder, and you may fancy how much more surprised he was when a whole retinue of ladies and gentlemen walked in to congratulate her, calling her "the Queen!" She received them kindly, and then requested that they

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would leave her alone with the prince, whom she addressed as follows: "Do not imagine, dear prince, that I was always a cat. My father was the king of six kingdoms, and I was his only daughter. Before I was born I was promised by the queen, my mother, to some fairies, in exchange for some rare fruit which she had taken it into her head to wish for. When an infant, I was shut up in a high tower, and there the fairies brought me up with the utmost care, and used to come on a dragon's back to visit me, and see that I wanted for nothing. I lived happily there for many years, till one day I saw a young man near the foot of the tower. He was an object of great curiosity to me, as I had never seen a man before, except in pictures. He also looked earnestly at me, and we remained looking at each other till it grew dark. The next day the first thing I did was to hasten to my window, when I again saw the same young man. He spoke to me through a speaking trumpet, and said the tenderest things imaginable, declaring he could not live without me. I resolved to find some means of escaping from my tower, and was not long of falling on a plan. When the fairies came to see me, I begged them to bring me some cord to make nets to catch birds at my window. They brought what I asked for, and you may guess how eagerly I worked at making a rope-ladder long enough to reach the ground. When it was finished I sent my parrot to tell the prince—for he was a prince—that I wished to speak with him. He came; he found the ladder; he mounted; he entered my room, but, alas! just at that moment the fairy Violent, one of my guardians, came in by the window on the dragon's back. My lover drew his sword to defend me, but his bravery was useless. The fairy threw a spell over him, and he became a prey to the dragon, by whom he was devoured. I would gladly have thrown myself into the monster's jaws, but the fairy Violent changed me into a cat, declaring that the enchantment should never be broken till I met with a prince exactly resembling my lost lover. The fairies then

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brought me to this palace, which belonged to my father, and changed the lords and ladies of his court into so many cats, whom you, dear prince, have now restored to their original forms."

The prince then set off with the young queen for his father's kingdom, and soon they arrived at court. The two elder brothers had arrived before them, and had presented their princesses to the

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king, who could not help reluctantly owning that they were wonderfully beautiful. When our prince, however, entered with his queen, every one felt quite dazzled by her beauty, and saw that she was fifty times lovelier than either of the others. The king could not help exclaiming that she deserved his crown. "No, sire!" cried she, "far from wishing to deprive you of a throne you fill so ably, as I have six kingdoms of my own, I beg to offer another for your acceptance, and to give one to each of your sons. As for the remaining three, with your good leave, I shall reign over them in company with your youngest son, whom I choose to be my husband." The king was delighted; and the whole company rent the air with their applause; and the three weddings were celebrated the next day with the greatest rejoicings.

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JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

In the reign of the famous King Arthur, there lived, in the county of Cornwall, a worthy farmer, who had an only son named Jack, and Jack was strong, and bold, and cunning. In those days there lived a huge giant in a gloomy cavern on St. Michael's Mount. The coast of Cornwall had been greatly hurt by his thefts, when Jack boldly resolved to destroy him. He took a horn, a shovel, a pickaxe, and a dark lantern, and, early in a long winter's evening, he swam to the Mount. There he fell to work at once, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and almost as many broad. He covered it over with sticks and straws, and strewed some earth on the top, to make it look like solid ground. He then blew his horn so loudly that the giant awoke, and came out roaring like thunder: "You saucy villain, you shall pay dearly for breaking my rest; I will broil you for my breakfast." He had scarcely spoken these words, when he tumbled headlong into the pit. "Oh ho, Mr. Giant!" said Jack, "how is your appetite now? Will nothing serve you for breakfast but broiling poor Jack?" The giant now tried to rise, but Jack struck him a blow on the crown of the head with his pickaxe, which killed him at once. When the Justices of Cornwall heard of this valiant action, they sent for Jack, and declared that he should always be called Jack the Giant-killer; and they also gave him a sword and belt, upon which was written in letters of gold:—

"This is the valiant Cornishman
Who slew the giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's exploits soon spread over the western parts of England; and another giant, called Old Blunderbore, vowed to

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have revenge on Jack. This giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonely wood. About four months after the death of Cormoran, as Jack was taking a journey into Wales, he passed through this wood; and, as he was very weary, he sat down to rest by the side of a pleasant fountain, and there he fell asleep. The giant came to the fountain for water just at this time, and

found Jack there; and as the lines on Jack's belt showed who he was, the giant lifted him up, and laid him gently upon his shoulder, to carry him to his castle; but, as he passed through the thicket, the rustling of the leaves wakened Jack, and he was sadly afraid when he found himself in the clutches of Blunderbore. When they reached the castle, the giant took him into a large room, and there he left him while he went to fetch another giant,

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who lived in the same wood, to enjoy a dinner off Jack's flesh with him.

Whilst he was away Jack heard dreadful shrieks, groans, and cries from many parts of the castle, and soon after he heard a mournful voice repeat these lines:—

"Haste, valiant stranger, haste away,
Lest you become the giant's prey.
On his return he'll bring another,
Still more savage than his brother;
A horrid cruel monster, who,
Before he kills, will torture you."

Looking out of the window, which was right over the door of the castle, our terrified Jack saw the two giants coming along arm in arm. "Now," thought he, "either my death or freedom is at hand." There were two strong cords in the room. He made a large noose with a slip-knot at the ends of both of these, and, as the giants were coming through the gates he threw the ropes over their heads. He then made the other ends fast to a beam in the ceiling, and pulled with all his might, till he had almost strangled them. When he saw that they were both quite black in the face, and had not the least strength left, he drew his sword and slid down the ropes, and killed them. Jack next took a great bunch of keys from the pocket of Blunderbore, and went into the castle again. He made a strict search through the rooms, and in them found three ladies almost starved to death. They told him that their husbands had been killed by the giants, who had then condemned them to starvation. "Ladies," said Jack, "I give you this castle and all the riches it contains, to make you some amends for the dreadful pains you have felt." He then politely gave them the keys, and went farther on his journey.

As Jack had not taken any of the giant's riches for himself and

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nad very little money of his own, he thought it best to travel as fast as he could. At length he lost his way, but after wandering about for a while, he succeeded in finding a large and handsome house. He went up to it and knocked loudly at the gate; when, to his great terror, there came forth a monstrous giant, with two

heads. He spoke to Jack very civilly, for he was a Welsh giant, and all the mischief he did was by private and secret malice, under the show of friendship and kindness. Jack told him that he was a traveller, who had lost his way, on which the huge monster made him welcome, and led him into a room where there was a good bed

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in which to pass the night. Jack took off his clothes quickly, but he could not sleep. Soon he heard the giant walking backwards and forwards in the next room, and saying to himself:—

Though here you lodge with me this night
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite.

"Say you so?" thought Jack. "Are these your tricks upon travellers? but I hope to prove as cunning as you." Then, getting out of bed, he took a large thick billet of wood, and laid it in his own place in the bed, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the middle of the night, the giant came with his great club, and struck many heavy blows on the bed and then he went off, thinking he had broken all Jack's bones.

Early the next morning, Jack put a bold face upon the matter, and went to thank the giant for his lodging. The giant started, and began to stammer out, "Oh, dear me! is it you? pray, how did you sleep last night? Did you here or see anything in the dead of the night?" "Nothing worth speaking of," said Jack, carelessly; "a rat, I believe, gave me three or four slaps with his tail, but that was all." The giant said nothing, but went to bring two great bowls of hasty pudding for their breakfast. Jack wished to make the giant believe that he could eat as much as himself, so he contrived to button a leathern bag inside his coat, and slipped the hasty pudding into this bag, while he seemed to put it into his mouth. When breakfast was over, he said to the giant, "Now I will show you a fine trick; I can cure all wounds with a touch; you shall see an example." He then took hold of the knife, ripped up the leathern bag, and all the hasty pudding tumbled out upon the floor. "Ods splutter hur nails" cried the Welsh giant, who was ashamed to be outdone by such a little fellow, "hur can do that hurself." So he snatched up the knife, plunged it into his stomach, and in a moment dropped down dead.

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Jack went farther on his journey, and in a few days he met with King Arthur's only son, who had got his father's leave to travel into Wales to deliver a beautiful lady from the power of a wicked magician. Our Jack attached himself to the prince, and soon after it happened that, being very generous, the prince found himself without money. He had given his last penny to an old woman. Night now came on, and the prince began to grow uneasy at thinking where they should lodge. "Sir," said Jack, "be of good heart, two miles farther there lives a great giant, whom I know well; he has three heads, and will fight five hundred men, and make them fly before him. Leave me to manage him, and wait here in quiet till I return." The prince stayed behind, while Jack rode on at full speed; and when he came to the gates of the castle, he gave a loud knock. The giant, with a voice like thunder, roared out, "Who is there?" Jack made answer, and said, "No one but your poor cousin Jack." "Well," said the giant, "what news, Cousin Jack?" "Dear uncle," said Jack, "I have heavy news. Here is the king's son coming with two thousand men to kill you." "Oh, Cousin Jack!" said the giant, "this is heavy news indeed! But I have a large cellar underground, where I will hide myself, and you shall lock, bolt, and bar me in till the king's son is gone." Now, when Jack had barred the giant fast in the vault, he went back and fetched the prince, and they feasted and spent that night very pleasantly in the castle. Early in the morning, Jack gave the king's son gold and silver out of the giant's treasury, and accompanied him three miles forward on his journey. The prince then sent Jack to let his uncle out of the cellar, who asked him what he should give him as a reward for saving him. "Why, good uncle," said Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, with the old rusty sword and slippers, which are hanging at your bed's head." "Then," said the giant, "you shall have them; and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of great use. The

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coat will keep you invisible, the cap will give you knowledge, the sword will cut through anything, and the shoes are of vast swiftness."

Jack gave many thanks to the giant, and then sat off to the prince. The king's son and he soon arrived at the dwelling of the beautiful lady. She received the prince very politely, and made a noble feast for him; when it was ended, she rose, and, wiping her mouth with a fine handkerchief, said, "My lord; to-morrow morning I command you to tell me on whom I bestow this handkerchief, or lose your head." She then left the room. The prince went to bed very mournful; but Jack put on his cap of knowledge, which told him that the lady was forced, by the power of enchantment, to meet the wicked magician every night in the middle of the forest. Jack now put on his coat of darkness, and his shoes of swiftness, and was there before her. When the lady came she gave the handkerchief to the magician. Jack, with his sword of sharpness, at one blow cut off his head; the enchantment was then ended in a moment. The lady was married to the prince on the next day, and soon after went back with her royal husband and a great company to the court of King Arthur, where our valiant hero Jack was made one of the knights of the round table.

As Jack had been so lucky in all his adventures he resolved not to be idle for the future. He therefore sat off again in search of new and strange exploits. On the third day he came to a wide forest. He had hardly entered it when he heard dreadful shrieks and cries; and soon he saw a monstrous giant dragging along, by the hair of their heads, a handsome knight and a beautiful lady. Their tears and cries melted the heart of honest Jack; he alighted from his horse, and put on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness. When he came up to the giant he made several strokes at him, and at last, aiming with all his might, he cut off both the giant's legs just below the garter, so that he fell

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THE GIANT OF THE CAVERN.

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all his length on the ground. Then Jack set his foot upon his neck, and plunged his sword into the giant's body The knight and the lady, overjoyed, not only returned Jack hearty thanks for their deliverance, but also invited him to their house to refresh himself after his dreadful encounter. "No," said Jack, "I cannot be at ease till I find out the den that was this monster's habitation." The knight, on hearing this, grew very sorrowful and replied, "Noble stranger, this monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother of his, more fierce and cruel than himself; let me persuade you to come with us, and desist from any further pursuit."

But Jack insisted on going, promising, however, that when his task was ended he would come to the knight's castle.

Soon he came in sight of the mouth of the cavern; and there was the other giant sitting on a huge block of timber, with a knotted iron club lying by his side. Jack put on his coat of darkness and drew a little nearer, and at length came quite close to him, and struck a blow at his head with his sword of sharpness; but he missed his aim, and only cut off his nose, which made him roar like loud claps of thunder. He took up his iron club and began to lay about him, but Jack slipped nimbly behind, and jumping upon the block of timber as the giant rose from it, he stabbed him in the back; when after a few howls, he dropped down dead. Jack cut off his head, and sent it, with the head of his brother, to King Arthur. When Jack had thus killed these two monsters, he went into their cave in search of their treasure. And there he found many wretched captives who were being kept by the giants to be eaten. Jack set them all free. The next morning they set off to their homes, and Jack to the house of the knight, whom he had left with his lady not long before.

He was received with the greatest joy by the thankful knight and his lady, who, in honor of Jack's exploits, gave a grand feast.

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When the company were assembled, the knight declared to them the great actions of Jack, and gave him, as a mark of respect, a fine ring, on which was engraved the picture of the giant dragging the knight and the lady by the hair, with this motto round it:—

"Behold, in dire distress were we,
Under a giant's fierce command,
But gained our lives and liberty
From valiant Jack's victorious hand."

In the height of their merriment a man rushed into the midst of the company and told them that Thundle, a savage giant with two heads, had heard of the death of his two kinsmen, and was come to take his revenge on Jack; and that he was now within a mile of the house. At this news the very boldest of the guests trembled; but Jack drew his sword, and said "Let him come."

The knight's house stood in the middle of a moat, ever which lay a drawbridge. Jack set men to work to cut the bridge on both sides almost to the middle, and then dressed himself in his coat of darkness. As he came along the giant cried out: —

"Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum.
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

"Say you so, my friend?" said Jack, "you are a monstrous miller indeed!" "Art thou," cried the giant, "the villain that killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, and grind thy bones to powder." "You must catch me first," said Jack, and throwing off his coat of darkness, and putting on his shoes of swiftness, he began to run, the giant following him like a walking castle. Jack led him round and round the house, that the company might see the monster, and then he ran over the drawbridge,

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the giant going after him with his club; but when he came to th middle, where the bridge had been cut on both sides, the grea weight of his body made it break, and he tumbled into the water Jack now got a cart rope and threw it over his two heads, and by the help of a team of horses, dragged him to the edge of the moat where he cut off his heads.

After staying with the knight for some time, Jack set out again in search of new adventures. He went over hills and dales. without meeting any till he came to the foot of a very high mountain. Here he knocked at the door of a lonely house, and an old man, with a head as white as snow, let him in. He asked for a night's lodging, and the old man told him he was welcome, and set before him some bread and fruit for his supper. When Jack had eaten as much as he chose, the hermit said, "My son, I know you are the famous conqueror of giants; now, at the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by a giant named Galligantus, who, by the help of a vile magician, gets many knights into his power, and he changes them into beasts. Above all, I lament the hard fate of a duke's daughter, whom they have changed into a deer. Many knights have tried to destroy the enchantment, and deliver her, yet none have been able to do it, by reason of two fiery griffins who guard the gates of the castle. But as you, my son, have an invisible coat, you may pass by them without being seen, and on the gates of the castle you will find engraved by what means the enchantment may be broken."

Jack promised that in the morning, at the risk of his life, he would break the enchantment; and, after a sound sleep, he arose early and got ready for the attempt. When he had climbed to the top of the mountain, he saw the two fiery griffins; but he passed between them without the least fear of danger, for they could not see him because of his invisible coat. On the castle-gate he found a golden trumpet, under which were written these lines:—

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"Whoever can this trumpet blow,
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

Jack seized the trumpet and blew a shrill blast. The giant and the conjuror now knew that their wicked course was at an end, and they stood biting their thumbs and shaking with fear.

Jack, with his sword of sharpness, soon killed the giant, and the magician was then carried away by a whirlwind. The duke's daughter and all the knights and beautiful ladies, who had been changed into birds and beasts, returned to their proper shapes. The castle vanished away like smoke, and the head of the giant Galligantus was sent to King Arthur. Jack's fame spread through the whole country, and at the king's desire, the duke gave him his daughter in marriage, to the joy of all the kingdom. After this the king gave him a large estate, on which he and his lady lived the rest of their days in joy and content.

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